

ONCE A WEEK

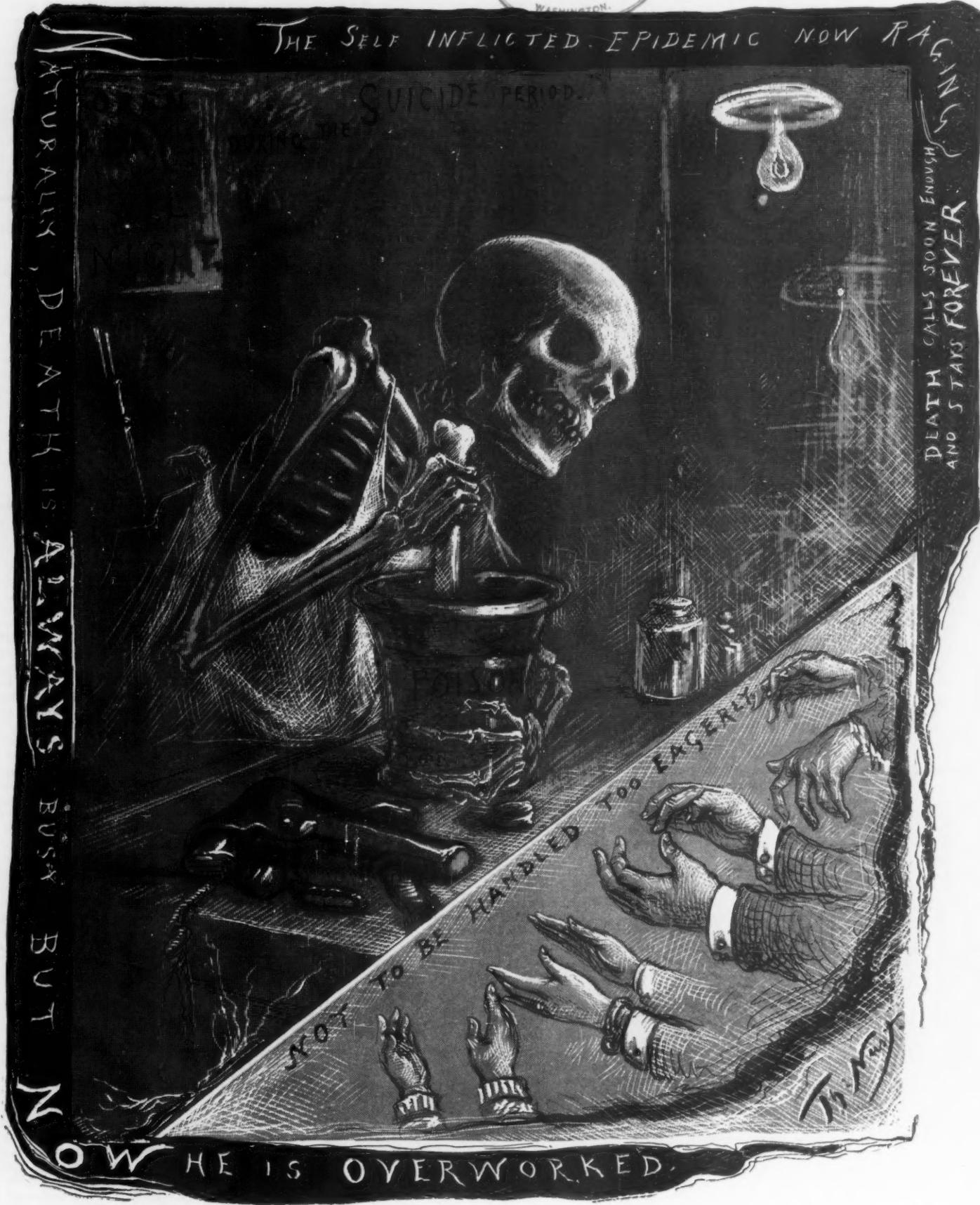
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ONCE A WEEK

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THE WEEK.

November 3—Treaty of Limerick—1691.
4—George Peabody, philanthropist, died—1869.
5—Gunpowder plot—1605.
6—McClellan superseded by Burnside—1862.
7—Meade captures part of Lee's army on the north side of the Rappahannock—1863.
8—John Milton died—1731.
9—Prince of Wales born—1841.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

NOTICE.

To Artists, Photographers, and Writers.

ONCE A WEEK is open to receive drawings, photos, and newsy articles from all parts of the Continent. Any drawing, photograph, or article accepted, shall be liberally paid for. Postage stamps should be sent to cover re-mailing of unsuitable matter.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

IT has been presumed, and pretty generally admitted, that because this is a "free country," it is a very delicate matter to draw the line at which foreign immigration is not desirable. As the United States professes to be the refuge for the oppressed of all other countries, it has been deemed inconsistent to exclude any, save for most serious cause. In one sense of the word, the entire population of this country are either foreigners or of foreign descent; and the continued, increased foreign immigration will strengthen this view of the case.

We maintain that for the very reason that this is a free country, whose legal and constitutional liberties may be abused, it is all the more necessary to strictly, rigidly and definitely mark the line of demarcation between desirable and undesirable immigration. In these columns we have urged that, if immigration into this country is to become simply the safety-valve of Old World oppression and nothing more, the American Union, as a refuge for the oppressed, is in a poorly paying business. And, lastly, if we are all to be and to forever remain foreigners, when and how will the American nation be developed?

These are burning questions. Patriotism, exclusive allegiance to the Government of the United States on the part of all who enjoy its liberties and opportunities, must be facts in our national existence. If the already heterogeneous elements in our population, and the prospective increased immigration from other countries, are never to become Americanized, then indeed must we bow to the verdict of "doubtful experiment." If, on the other hand, the term *American people* is to stand for a reality, ways and means must be sought, first, in dealing with immigration, and secondly, in so regulating and defining rights of residence, citizenship and property ownership, as to make this country not only a refuge for the oppressed, but the home, surrounded by American liberties and *restrictions*, of a people striving onward towards American nationality, inspired and urged by love of country.

"How keenly alive American statesmen are to the evils which result from unrestricted foreign immigration is shown by a perusal of the Acts which have been passed upon this subject," says Mr. W. H. WILKINS, in a very thoughtful paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for October. The principal acts regulating and restricting immigration into this country are three in number:

The Act to Regulate Immigration, approved by Congress in 1882; the Contract Labor Law of 1885, and the recent Act "to amend the various Acts relative to immigration and the importation of aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor," which was approved by Congress on the 3d of March of this year, and which went into operation on the 1st of April last. A brief analysis of the three principal Acts of 1882, 1885 and 1891 may not be out of place at the present time.

Prior to the Act of 1882 the necessary protection afforded to the various cities and counties in the States against the importation of foreign paupers and criminals was carried out by State Boards charged with the local affairs of immigration in the ports within the said State. Such a board was the late Board of Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York. This board, in common with other State commissioners, was recognized by the Act of 1882, and a contract was entered into between it and the Secretary of the Treasury. This arrangement did not work satisfactorily. It was attended with much friction, and the administration was uncertain. In April last the business was transferred from the State boards to the Treasury Department at Washington, and immigration is now under the exclusive control of Federal authorities.

The main provisions of the Act of 1882 were as follows: Section 1 provided for the levying of a duty of five cents on all alien passengers arriving at any port in the United States. The money thus collected went to form the Immigrant Fund, which is still used for the care of immigrants who arrive at the ports in sickness or distress. By Section 2 the Secretary of the Treasury was charged with the general supervision of immigration business. He was empowered to enter into contracts with such State commissioners or boards as might be designated by the Governor of any State to take charge of the local immigration at the ports within in the said States. It authorized the State commissioners to appoint persons to go on board the ships when they arrived at the ports, and if, on examination, there were found among the passengers any convict, lunatic, idiot, or any person unable to take care of himself or herself without becoming a public charge, the commissioners were bound to report the same, in writing, to the collector of the port, and such persons would not be permitted to land. Section 3 gave the Secretary of the Treasury wide discretion as to the regulations which he might deem necessary to issue from time to time. Section 4 enacted that "All foreign convicts, except those convicted of political offenses, upon arrival, shall be sent back to the nations to which they belong." Lastly, the expense of the return of such persons as were not permitted to land must be borne by the owners of the vessels in which they came.

The Alien Contract Labor Law of 1885 was practically formulated by the Knights of Labor. By Section 1 it is made unlawful for any person, company, etc., to prepay the transportation, or in any way assist the importation of aliens under contract to perform labor made previous to the importation. Section 2 declares that all such contracts shall be void in the United States. Section 3 imposes a penalty of a thousand dollars for each violation of Section 1. Section 4 declares that any master of a vessel, knowingly bringing any such laborers into the United States, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and will be fined five hundred dollars for each laborer, or six months' imprisonment, or both. Section 5 makes certain exceptions to the excluded classes in the case of skilled workmen engaged to carry out a new industry not already established in the United States, and so forth. In 1885 further sections were added to this Act, providing for the examination of ships; for the non-landing of prohibited persons; for the return of such persons by boards designated by the Secretary of the Treasury; and for compelling the expense of the return of such persons to be borne by the owners of the vessels which brought them to America, the owners and masters of vessels refusing to pay such expenses not being allowed to land at, or clear from, any port in the United States.

Since these Acts were passed, public opinion has been rapidly growing more stringent on this subject, and the existing laws having, from a variety of causes, proved inadequate to meet this evil, Congress has this year passed a drastic measure, greatly enlarging the prohibited classes of immigrants. This law is the legislative outcome of a prolonged agitation, and has been passed in compliance with the clearly expressed demand of the American people. In 1890 one or more of the political parties in no less than twenty-three of the States demanded additional regulation of immigration, and all the great organized labor societies have made similar requests.

The new Act may be briefly analyzed as follows: Section 1 specifies the classes of aliens henceforth to be excluded from admission to the United States—viz.: "All idiots, insane persons, paupers or persons likely to become a public charge, persons suffering from a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease, persons who have been convicted of felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, polygamists, and also any persons whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another, or who is assisted by others

to come," unless it is satisfactorily shown on inquiry that such person does not belong to one of the foregoing excluded classes, or to the class of contract laborers excluded by the Act of 1885. As in the Act of 1882, the exclusion of persons convicted of political offenses is carefully guarded against. Section 2 provides for the more vigorous enforcement of the Act of 1885. Sections 3 and 4 declare that immigrants coming to the United States through the solicitation of advertising agents in Europe shall be treated as violators of the law, and steamship companies are prohibited from encouraging such immigration. Section 5 specifies ministers of religion, persons belonging to a recognized profession, and professors of colleges and seminaries, as persons not to be excluded under the Act of 1885. Section 6 provides penalties of fine and imprisonment up to a thousand dollars, or a year's imprisonment, or both, for violation of the Act. Section 7 establishes the office of superintendent of immigration under the Treasury Department. The remaining sections of the Act may be summarized as follows: That the names and nationalities of immigrants shall be reported on arrival, and that they shall be promptly inspected by authorized agents empowered to decide upon their right to land. Provision is made for the better inspection of the Canadian, British Columbian and Mexican borders. That State and municipal authorities may exercise such jurisdiction over immigrant stations as may be necessary for the public peace. That all immigrants who come in violation of the law shall be immediately sent back to the ships that brought them to the port, or, if that be impracticable, they may be returned at any time within a year after their arrival. Any alien who may become a public charge within a year from his arrival shall be sent back to the country from which he came. That the Federal Courts shall have full jurisdiction in all cases arising under this Act.

Such are the main outlines of the new Act. Time alone will show whether it will work in a satisfactory manner, or whether fresh legislation will again be required. Already signs are not wanting to show that, stringent as are its provisions and drastic as are its regulations, a certain section of American opinion is beginning to demand something more stringent and more drastic still. Nine days after the new Act came into operation, the Union League Club of New York, at a special meeting on the 9th of April last, unanimously passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that we call upon the General Government and upon the several States to use every lawful means in their possession to prevent the importation of criminals and paupers; and we call upon the courts to rigidly administer the laws of naturalization, resisting the importunities of political parties to cloak improper persons with the rights of citizenship; and resolved, that we call upon the press and the public to agitate and discuss the subject of the importation of criminals and paupers, to the end that, if the present laws be not sufficient to save the country from peril, others may be enacted which shall be effectual."

The time is far in the future (say the Immigration Committee in their report) when we will suffer from an overcrowded population. The territory of the United States will support seven times our present inhabitants. It will be fifty years before statesmen need apprehend a burden from the influx of desirable aliens, but the time now is, and always will be, when the undesirable should be prohibited a landing in this country. The intent of our immigration laws is not to restrict immigration, but to sift it; to separate the desirable from the undesirable immigrants, and to permit only those to land on these shores who have certain physical and moral qualities.

In conclusion, we must not lose sight of the facts that no immigration laws can exclude all undesirable immigrants; that even the best class of immigrants are often total strangers to our institutions, and are, naturally and by past training, apt to remain mere sojourners in this land; and that in order to make immigration laws really effective, certain measures of internal legislation must supplement the administration of our ports of entry; and that the most likely measures to achieve this end will be more stringent requirements for residence, citizenship and property ownership. After the immigrant lands the most important work is to make of him a really, *bona fide* and exclusively American citizen.

THE WOMAN'S WOMAN.

A ingenious modern philosopher has discovered four classes of adult human beings: Man's man, woman's man, man's woman and woman's woman. The uninitiated reader must be cautioned not to handle these classifications carelessly. Before giving utterance to any one of these four expressions, the meaning one intends to convey must be very clearly outlined in one's mind. A writer in the *London Spectator* seems to take it for granted that, whenever a woman speaks of a man's man, she refers only to those of the other sex who are the least gracious and attractive of human beings, and the most uncouth of their kind. If this were the fact, women would be very inconsistent. But women are

not inconsistent—perish the thought! Therefore a woman does not so think of a man's man.

But how would so thinking of a man's man be inconsistent in a woman? To simplify the discussion, and strip it of useless and cumbersome verbiage, let us use the adjective *popular* as denoting that composite quality in any person which makes him or her a favorite among men or women, as the case may be; which makes him or her a leader, one to be imitated, followed, sought after, looked up to, and the like. A man's man, then, is popular among men. The choicest qualities and attributes in a woman are required to compel, as we may say, this same popularity among men. A woman who possesses such qualities and attributes must, in all consistency, regard the man's man with a sort of a fellow feeling, as one who is, in a very high and respectful sense of that expression—in the same line of business; and as one who never can have any interest in seeing the man's man dethroned, for the simple reason that the latter can never be *her* rival, in her own particular species of popularity among men. The woman who does not possess these required qualities and attributes must, according to all the laws of human social intercourse, look up to and respect the man's man who does. Neither the man's woman, nor the woman who is not a man's woman, can consistently frown on the man's man. Therefore *a priori* they do not so frown.

Now what about the woman's man, or "lady's man?" The women, or at least the "ladies," do not frown on him—if they did, he would not be that sort of a man, and we should have a contradiction in terms, which would never do in such close reasoning as this. But do the men frown on the woman's man? If they do, they are inconsistent, on the same line of reasoning as we have been following. (*Vide supra.*) But men do frown on the woman's man or "lady's" man. Therefore, men are inconsistent—notoriously.

The man's woman is popular among men, as the term implies. Men admire her queenly graces, respect her with a respect which is at once compelled and spontaneous, and are never shocked or disconcerted at an occasional exhibition of alleged forwardness. Do the women admire the man's woman? Well, now—that depends. If she is in all respects—that is to say, thoroughly and undeniably—a "proper person," the women not only admire, but fairly dote on, and sincerely love, the dear creature.

The woman's woman is the last of the four classifications. Miss CLEVELAND, sister of ex-President CLEVELAND, in writing an account of another well-known American lady, Mrs. FRANCIS LESLIE-WILDE, describes her as being "that most gracious and attractive of all human beings—a woman's woman." Now that is, we believe, the sense in which every woman would read the words—indeed, we too would willingly confess that a woman who finds favor in the sight of other women must of necessity be somewhat above the average of woman-kind.

We honestly believe that, as a general rule, the qualities that stand highest in a woman's estimation of her own sex are those that also stand highest in a man's estimation, and *vice versa*; that no woman, for instance, can have more regard for modesty and tenderness than a man has, and that no man puts a higher value upon courage and honesty than a woman does.

The writer in the London *Spectator* already alluded to alleges that, with relation to the opinions of some women concerning men, some lady novelists have much to answer for. And, seriously, his strictures seem to us but just—even if a trifle severe. "The persistent way in which they have decried man's judgment and misrepresented his feelings," says this writer, "is enough by itself to have demoralized their reader's ideas. No great novelist of the other sex has ever ventured to make his heroine anything but most womanly. Perhaps 'DIANA of the Crossways' may be cited as a woman who, in woman's parlance, 'got on very well with gentlemen,' and who did not get on very well with her own sex; but Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH has been careful to endow DIANA with graces and failings that make her the most feminine of women, and prove that either result was rather her misfortune than her fault. We cannot honestly say that we should have fallen in love with AMELIA SEDLEY, whose womanly virtues have been rather caricatured in THACKERAY'S hands; but, at least, we should have preferred her to BECKY SHARP, who was the very opposite to what Miss CLEVELAND and others term a woman's woman."

"It is necessary, in the commerce between men and women, that one side should attempt to meet the other half-way; but if the meeting is impracticable at that distance, it is better that it should never take place at all. The man or the woman who crosses that mark, who goes a greater distance to meet a member of the other sex upon their own ground, only suffers a loss of dignity, and justly incurs the reproach that is contained in the contemptuous phrases which we have quoted. For if Miss CLEVELAND, and other ladies who write, would only believe it, we would respectfully assure them that it is not by man's wish or invitation that women cross the line. They really are most to blame for keeping alive a delusion which is perfectly unfounded, and which cruelly misrepresents the humbler sex."

"EXERCISE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE."

A NOTABLE paper on this subject is translated from the *Revue Scientifique* for the October number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is from the pen of the eminent scientist, FERNAND LAGRANGE, author of the "Physiology of Exercise." The main scientific fact running through this very readable, practical and kindly contribution to popular science is this: Every man is of the age of his arteries. It results that when we reach mature age our capacity for some exercises has notably diminished, while for others it has preserved its complete integrity. At forty-five years the bones and muscles have lost none of their solidity and vigor. The aptitude for exercises of force and bottom continues. But we cannot conclude from this that the man is as apt in all forms of exercise as he was at twenty-five. While the motor apparatus proper is not sensibly modified in the maturity of life, particularly if one has kept it up by regular practice, this is not the case with some other apparatus that begin to decline earlier—notably with the apparatus for the circulation of the blood. The heart and the arteries, in spite of the most rational exercises, lose with age a part of their serviceableness, because they lose some of their normal structure.

The difference in the structure of the arteries, even though they may not be carried so far as to denote disease, make the man of fifty years much more vulnerable than the young man; and vulnerable in precisely the organ most essential to life. It is, in fact, the heart that suffers in case of forced exertion, the consequences of a deficient elasticity of the arteries. Every beating of the heart represents the piston-stroke of a force-pump, and the blood-vessels are the pipes through which the liquid flows to carry life to the furthest molecules of our body. But these vessels are not inert conductors; they are endowed, in a healthy condition, with an elasticity which permits them to react at each pulse of the heart, swelling under the pressure of the sanguineous wave—as may be noticed in the pulse beat—and then contracting and returning to the liquid the impulse which they have received from it. The liquid, striking upon the wall of a fully elastic artery, does not suffer at once the arrest which it would suffer on meeting a rigid wall. A billiard-ball, driven against a very elastic cushion, rebounds with nearly as much force as it had when it started. An artery which has lost its elasticity is, as to the column of blood that comes against it, as an ivory ball to a cushion that does not spring. And as the billiard-player must strike more vigorously upon the ball to make it perform its run when the cushions do not spring, so the heart, when the artery has lost its elasticity, must exaggerate its effort at the systole to enable every molecule of blood to traverse the circle of the vessels and return to its point of departure. In short, the less elastic the arteries, the greater the effort the heart has to make to secure equal work. Each heart-beat, then, of a man whose arteries have become old, is the occasion for an excess of labor by the cardiac muscle. The increase in expenditure of force passes unnoticed if the beatings retain their normal slowness, but becomes very sensible when they are quickened by violent exercise. There are some exercises which cause the number of heart-beats to double in a few moments. The resultant fatigue of the organ, which has already been brought to the point of overwork by the continual excess of work it has had to do, is easy to conceive.

The most natural consequence of fatigue of the heart is a momentary diminution of its energy: and when the organ is weakened, the impulse it gives to the blood is no longer sufficient to cause it to traverse as rapidly as it ought the vessels through which it circulates with most difficulty, either on account of their narrowness, or of the mass which is precipitated into them at once. Hence, what are called passive congestions of the internal organs, and particularly of the lungs. Congestion of the lungs is a frequent consequence, in elderly men, of exercises which accelerate to excess the rhythm of the pulse, and is shown by shortness of breath. This, which is more prompt in men habituated to physical exercises, is one of the first symptoms of arterial deterioration. It is a warning which it would be a grave imprudence not to heed.

The elderly man should, therefore, give up all exercises of speed like running, and all those in which energetic efforts are added to speed, like rowing in matches. We see men of exceptional powers of resistance continuing to practice exercises of speed till they are forty-five years old; but it is well to know how indulgence in championship feats late in life usually ends. Many affections of the heart are consequences of exercises or labors that exaggerate the effort of that organ in men who have reached maturity. The central organ of the circulation cannot be subjected without danger to excessive work, when its play is not seconded by the elastic force of an unimpaired arterial system; when it is partly deprived of the re-enforcement which is lent it by these contractile channels, the office of which, in the circulation of the blood, has been happily described by giving them as a whole the name of the "peripheral heart."

All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Running

horses are withdrawn from the track shortly after they have arrived at the full possession of their force; they are still good for competitions in bottom, and are capable for many years after of doing excellent service, but they cannot run in trials of speed. Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed thirty years. The professional couriers who are still seen in Tunis, running over great distances in an incredibly short time, are obliged to retire while still young. Those who continue to run after they are forty years old, all finally succumb, with grave heart affections.

There are some persons who preserve to a relatively advanced age the faculty of enduring violent exercises, and of contesting with young persons in quickness of muscular work. Not long ago two men, one forty-five and the other forty-eight years old, contested in the regattas on the Seine and Marne, in France. Their craft was called the old men's. Few oarsmen continue to row in races after they are thirty-five years old. But those whom we are speaking of, though long past the usual age for retiring, have often gained the prizes which competitors twenty years old disputed for with them. These exceptions, however, do not depreciate the force of the principles we have just explained. They prove that one may be young in spite of his years, and that the chronological age does not always agree with the physiological age. While some persons are in full organic decadence at thirty-five years, some others may not yet, at fifty years, have undergone the modifications of nutrition which are the beginning of old age. The capacity of a man for violent exercises is determined by the more or less complete integrity of the arterial tissues.

Men who preserve a degree of immunity for exhausting exercises longer than the average are those whose circulation has remained regular, and whose arteries have not yet begun to undergo sclerotic degeneration. They are really younger than their age. Every man, according to the happy expression of CAZALIS, is "of the age of his arteries," and not of that which he deduces from his birth. Taking a mean, we may say that after forty years a man ought to abstain from exercises that induce shortness of breath. Instead of exercises of speed, he should adopt those requiring bottom, for which he will preserve a remarkable capacity. Race-horses which have become incapable of enduring labor that involves speed may for many years afterward perform excellent service at more moderate paces; they may even easily endure the paces of the hunt, when they have to carry their rider for the whole day, but in which the fundamental gait is not the gallop but the trot. So man preserves to the extreme limits of mature age the faculty of enduring a considerable labor for many hours, provided it is carried on with moderation. Many of the best mountain guides are approaching their sixties, and can easily tire young tourists. But everybody has remarked that the most experienced guides—that is, the oldest ones—go up very slowly, and that under that condition they can walk for an indefinite time. They do this by avoiding, through the moderation of their pace, the quickening of their pulse and the imposition of an excess of work on their heart.

Walking is the type of "bottom" exercise, and is the most hygienic of all kinds for the elderly man, provided it is prolonged enough to represent a sufficient amount of work. Nothing is so good for the man of fifty years as a gunning tramp, or long pedestrian tours like those the Alpinists make. But it is necessary to regard the social exigencies, which refuse to give everybody the desired number of hours, and compel another choice. There are many other "bottom" exercises that exact a larger expenditure of force than walking, without going beyond the degree of effort and rapidity that the arteries of the elderly man can safely bear. Many of what are called open-air games, like tennis, lawn-tennis, and even rowing, when practiced not for racing but as a recreation—that is, with a liveliness graduated to the respiratory capacity of the rower—provoke, for example, in one or two hours, an elimination of the products of disassimilation and an acquisition of oxygen equivalent to what one can get from eight or ten hours of walking. They permit the busy man to gain time, compensating for the shorter duration of the exercise by its intensity; but that in such a way that he can get the general consecutive effects of exercise while avoiding its general immediate effects, super-activity of the circulation of the blood and of respiration.

We ought to look also to exercise for local effects: in order, in the first place, to keep the joints supple and counterbalance the tendency to incrustation of the cartilages, which is one of the consequences of age; and, in the second place, to keep the muscles as a whole in sufficient strength and volume. The muscle, as we have read, is "the furnace of vital combustion," and in developing the muscular tissue we favor the activity of combustion and the destruction of the refuse of nutrition. For the satisfaction of these requisitions, such exercises are adopted as might be called analytical, inasmuch as they bring the whole muscular system into play, not by the work of the whole together, but by a series of successive movements that call the various muscular groups into action severally one after the other. It is important, in order to preserve the easy working and

supleness of all the articulations of the body, to subject them to movements extending to the extreme limit of possible displacement. We might also, by localizing the work successively in limited muscular groups, effect very intense muscular efforts without any fear as to their reaction upon the organism or upon the circulation of the blood. The floor exercises of the Swedish gymnastics exactly fulfill the conditions needed to obtain suppleness of the joints; similar exercises, according to the French method, would be well fitted for the object of preserving or increasing the local muscular development.

THE good ship *La Champagne*, of the French Line, has crossed the Atlantic four times during the present tempestuous ocean weather, and not an accident has befallen her. On her last voyage she was battered and tossed from the time she left Havre until her arrival off Sandy Hook. She came through all right; but, all the same, the ride from Havre to Sandy Hook must have been an exciting experience.

READ THIS!

In the next number of this paper, in addition to the usual useful and fascinating articles, will appear a delightful short, complete story by Patience Stapleton, an article by W. O. Stoddard; masterly editorials on live topics: "The New York Judiciary," etc. Study list of prizes in Woman's World! With Number 5 will be given the thrilling and enthralling novel by that master of English fiction, R. E. Forrest, entitled "Eight Days," a story of the awful period of the Sepoy Mutiny. The second and concluding volume of "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," a novel pronounced by the English press worthy of Thackeray, goes with this number.



MR. PARNEll made a will in favor of Mrs. O'Shea before he married her, but the marriage annulled the will, and therefore he died intestate. Mrs. Parnell is entitled to half the personal and one-third the real estate left by Mr. Parnell.

The Argentine Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, by a large majority, have passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry.

The Socialist Congress at Erfurt demands the repeal of laws subordinating a wife to her husband in public or private relations.

A movement is afoot in London for the erection of the World's Fair of a fac-simile of the Tower of London.

The Kolahut secret society has caused the walls of Woos-Chang, a large city in the province of Hoo-Pee, on the Yangtsekiang, to be placarded with posters announcing that all missionaries are to be exterminated.

The United States steamer *Boston* has been ordered to Chili.

Over twenty-five million dollars have been expended on the New York aqueduct up to date.

The police department of New York ask for five million dollars.

The Honorable Joseph Chamberlain declares that he would like to see Gladstone in power for the purpose of enjoying the mess the Grand Old Man would make of it.

An exhaustive article from the pen of Professor Koch is published. The article treats of the origin, preparation and application of tuberculin. In it the Professor declares that by chemical experiments he has succeeded in purifying his lymph of all inflammatory matter. He adds that the effect of an application of pure lymph differs little from the effects of an application of crude lymph. Only, he says, the amount of the dose determines the effect.

Prince Ferdinand, heir to the Rumanian throne, will be betrothed to Princess Marie, eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh.

It is estimated that ten thousand women applied on the 20th of October to be registered, with a view to voting at the coming election in Chicago. Of this number about seven hundred secured the placing of their names on the list of voters. The election commissioners intimate that they will take measures to have those members of the boards of registration who violated their instructions by entering women's names on the registry lists, punished for contempt of court.

The floods have done an enormous amount of damage in and about Alhama, in Andalusia, Spain, many of the landowners being completely ruined.

A dispatch from Butte City, Mont., says: Within the next ten days the great Anaconda Copper Mine will be in full operation. Last spring the mine shut down.

The North Atlantic branch of the American Shipping League has organized at Bath, Maine. This looks like an American merchant marine.

The Ladd Observatory, the gift to Brown University from Governor Herbert W. Ladd, was formally presented to the corporation of the university last week.

A healthy increase in the Republic of Mexico's foreign trade has just been recorded. Statistics of her exports during the fiscal year ended June 30th show a healthy increase of foreign trade in Mexico, for in merchandise exports there has been a gain of more than \$1,000,000 over the previous year, and an increase of more than \$8,500,000 over the average for five years past. Most noteworthy gains have been made in coffee, tobacco, fruits, lead, zacaton, silver ore and gold bullion.

Black diphtheria is spreading rapidly in a Norwegian settlement in Soldiere Valley, Harrison County, Iowa. Fourteen deaths from the disease are already recorded, six of them in one family.

The Post-Office revenues for the year ended June 30, 1891, were \$65,931,785, leaving a surplus over expenditures accruing up to that date of \$5,730,678.

A statue of the late Henry W. Grady was unveiled last week at Atlanta, Ga., Governor Hill, of New York, delivering the oration.

Bandits are again vigorously at war in the Republic of Mexico, and causing great uneasiness to the authorities.

The Department of State has received a cablegram from the American Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, stating that the Government of Italy has removed the restriction upon the importation of swine products from the United States if accompanied by inspection certificates. The decree against the importation of live swine is still in force.

The dedication of the monument in Cemetery Ridge, Gettysburg, which was fixed for November 19th, has been postponed to next summer.

As heretofore foreshadowed in these columns, the Canadian Pacific Railway is to become an important factor in British imperial affairs. One of the most important movements made by Great Britain on the American continent in many years is outlined in a cable dispatch from London. It is nothing less than the regular use of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the transportation of British troops between the Atlantic to the Pacific, going to or from England and India. The Canadian Government and the company itself have always denied that the Imperial Government had any interest in the railway. The first move by the home authorities will be made in December, and is described as in the nature of an "experiment." A detachment of about seven hundred marines and sailors, with officers, will be exchanged between Vancouver and Halifax. The necessary preparations will be made forthwith. The force to be transported westward, through Canada, will comprise the usual reliefs on the fleets of the Pacific and China stations, and that coming eastward will comprise men whose terms of duty on foreign stations have been completed. General Passenger Agent McNicol of the company says the negotiations have been going on with the imperial authorities for some time. The company will provide everything required for the transcontinental journey—cars, berths, meals, etc.—and will take the force up at one ocean and put them down at the other. There is no doubt, continues Mr. McNicol, that later on the Imperial Government will use the line for transferring all their troops to and from India. By this means, too, the English Government will always have ready for use a military organization along the border of the United States and be prepared at any time to lay down a large force of regulars at almost any point on the international boundary.

Kitson's \$22,500 statue of Admiral Farragut, just completed for Boston, is said to be a masterpiece. In the will of the late Judge Edwin Flint, of Mason City, Iowa, among other liberal educational bequests is one for fifty thousand dollars to the State University of Vermont, from which he graduated.

United States marshals captured eleven smugglers at Seattle, Wash., on a sloop filled with contraband whiskey. The smugglers, surprised, surrendered without resistance. The Water Storage and Supply Company of Fort Collins, Col., has undertaken the extensive irrigation scheme of carrying the waters of the Grand River to the Eastern slope. As the Grand River is the main source of water supply to the people of Western Colorado, long litigation will probably ensue.

Captain Philip, commanding the *Atlanta*, has, in his report to Washington, given high testimony to the seafaring qualities of his vessel and to the bravery of his executive officer, Lieutenant Mason, Carpenter Craig, Master-at-Arms Moran, John Kronberg and Charles Gross, gunners, in connection with the recent fatal explosion on board.

Russia has invaded Chinese territory. Sunol on a kite-shaped fast track at Stockton, Cal., lowered the trotting record to 2.08 1-4.

Chinese are being smuggled into this country by way of Mexico.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has offered thirty thousand dollars' reward for the capture of bandit Garza, dead or alive.

The Dutch Government will shortly introduce a bill authorizing a loan of forty million florins, which sum is to be used in consolidating the floating debt.

The widow of William Henry Smith, it is said, will be honored with a peerage.



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, who has just been chosen Government leader in the House of Commons, is a long, lank-built, loosely-hung man, of languid manner, with a drooping moustache and sparse curling side-whiskers, and looks like a mild, lackadaisical country curate. He is rising three-and-forty, and is nephew of Lord Salisbury, whom he accompanied to the Berlin Congress as private secretary. Only a very few years ago he occupied a back seat in the House of which he is now the leader, and he is looked upon by all as heir to the Premiership. His rise has been as rapid as it was surprising to his friends, who regarded him simply as an average young aristocrat, who found himself in Parliament simply because he was the son of a wealthy Scottish "laird." But he is really a strong man of brilliant parts, who until recently was too lazy to take the trouble of distinguishing himself. In the House of Commons he usually sprawls half-way across the floor. He scorns oratorical graces and rarely makes long

speeches in the Hall at St. Stephens. He says his say in the fewest possible words, and resumes his seat with alacrity. When addressing the House he has a way of lounging over the table and chatting in a conversational tone as if deprecating the idea that he was making a speech; but with the hashed phrases that drop carelessly from his lips are evidently carefully prepared beforehand. The air of frivolous cynicism with which he has always invested his allusions to Irish troubles and Irish accusations, particularly those touching the coercion acts, for which he is responsible, called forth a torrent of abuse, which was as bitter as it was deserved, and, next to Cromwell and Castlereagh, he is to-day the best-hated man in Ireland. In private life he is a most cheery man of varied accomplishments. He can play golf or argue a problem on philosophy with equal facility. He is also noted as a *connaisseur* in pictures, and is an enthusiastic disciple of Wagner; so much so, that he always manages to find time to attend the annual rehearsals at Bayreuth. He wears eye-glasses, writes an impossible hand, and boasts that he never reads the newspapers. He has a magnificent estate in Scotland and a large private fortune, but has hitherto escaped matrimony, though reported to be engaged to the beautiful Countess of Dudley.

JUDGE THOMAS M. COOLEY, who recently resigned the chairmanship of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which he held since its first establishment, is somewhat stoop-shouldered man with a rugged, wrinkled face framed in a closely-cropped gray beard, and is rising eight-and-sixty. He was admitted to the Michigan Bar the year he came of age. This was in 1845. Twelve years later he was appointed to compile and publish the laws of the State, and in 1858 he was made reporter of the Supreme Court, a position he held for several years, during which he published eight volumes of reports, followed by a digest of all the laws of the State. In 1859 the law department of the University of Michigan was organized, and he was chosen one of the professors, and subsequently became Dean of the Faculty. In 1864 he was appointed to fill a vacancy on the Bench of the State Supreme Court, and in 1867 was elected chief-justice, a position which he held until 1885, when he was defeated by an obscure lawyer, to the surprise and regret of the whole country. For he had attained a reputation as a jurist which made his judgments authoritative at home, and respected abroad. His name would undoubtedly be included among the half-dozen leading lawyers of the United States by those best qualified to name them. His legal writings have made him an oracle in the department of Constitutional law, and his numerous opinions are not surpassed in learning by those of any of his contemporaries. As chairman of the Inter-State Commission, he held a unique position not only by virtue of his peculiar official authority, but also in the estimation of the people, so that at his resignation will be widely regretted and his place difficult, if not impossible, to fill. Yet withal, when a young man, reading law, his preceptor said to him: "Thomas, you have worked diligently, and I have watched you carefully for a year. I am convinced that you will never make a lawyer, and I advise you to go to work at something else." To look at the learned judge, who seems to be bound in calf and about as unsentimental as his own law books, no one would ever suppose that he would elope with a girl; yet that was the way he got his wife, even as the great Chancellor Eldon stole his "Bessie" out of a second-story window. The lady in this case was a farmer's daughter, and it happened over three decades ago. She now presides over his house at Ann Harbor.

MAX O'RELL, who is among us once more, is getting bald on top, wears eye-glasses and has a sparse, brown chin-beard. He is suave of manner, talks with a unique accent, and is a typical Frenchman, despite the fact that he lives in London and that his grandmother was an Irishwoman. His real name is Paul Blouet, and he is a capital lecturer, who says many good things without obvious effort. He also writes with charming candor, and keeps a note-book, in which he religiously enters everything he hears that is worth hearing. He is fond of criticising men and manners, but says he will never write a book about Ireland, because he only likes to write about the faults of a nation, and that he has never been able to find any in the Irishman. He opines that in France the position of women is more sensible than anywhere else. As an instance of what he means he says: "Go to a hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-room. In France, you will see them arrive together, walk abreast toward the seat assigned to them, very often arm-in-arm. In England, you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America behold the dignified, nay, majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, and Jonathan behind! If I had to be born again, I might choose my sex and birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice: 'Oh! make me an American woman!'"

MR. JOHN HOEY, the ex-president of the Adams Express Company, and to whose sagacity, long-headedness and "go" the company owes so much of its well-merited prosperity, is a short, stout-built man of martinet-military bearing, with a mirthful eye and a mouth as strong as an iron safe. He dresses for Piccadilly, being always in the height of English fashion, and is a notable figure in our midst. He is not averse to the cooking at Delmonico's, and the first night of a new play finds him well in front. Mr. Hoey is deservedly popular. He knows a fox terrier to the last hair, and can tell an orchid from an oyster. In business he is shrewd, seeing a mile ahead while his competitors are looking out to the furlong. Mr. Hoey is a good friend and a generous foe.

NOTICE.—It is absolutely indispensable that Subscribers who have communications to address regarding their subscriptions, non-delivery of mail, change of address, etc., should give the number as printed on the wrapper label.



SCENES AT A COUNTY FAIR.

THE BIRTH OF BUDDHA.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

*The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhartha styled on earth—
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honored, Wise, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.*

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
"Buddha will go again to help the World."
"Yea!" spake He, "now I go to help the World
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sakyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rose-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked, and white as milk of Kamaduk—
Shot through the void; and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awakened,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Foretold the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'were high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "O ye!" it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The gray dream-readers said, "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

THE DICKENS CONTEST.

BELOW are given the names of the prize-winners in the Dickens Contest, which comprised the following questions:

- In what chapter of the "Old Curiosity Shop" is the mystery of Little Nell and Fred Trent cleared up?
- Tell what you know about the institution called "Charitable Grinders."
- Who gave the Marchioness that name, and why?
- What was the occupation of William Swidger? Tell what you know of his wife.
- To what trade was Sloppy apprenticed?
- Which of Dickens's characters made a will at the age of twelve? What request was made therein with regard to the testator's funeral?
- What peculiarity had General Scudder?
- Give a sketch of Mr. Micawber's character in not more than fifty words.
- What was the great ambition of Mortimer Lightwood?
- How many characters are there in "Pickwick?"
- Of which of Dickens's characters is it said, "There were some marks on the face which might have been dimples if the material had been softer?"
- Tell what you know about Master Humphrey.
- What was Mr. Lawton's favorite place of resort?
- Explain what is meant by the "new meaning of the Roman."

THE FIRST PRIZE has been awarded to MARY T. LATHROP, 8 West Eighth street, Oswego, N. Y., for the following answers:

- Chapter sixty-nine.
- It was an institution where "Biler," the son of Richards (Paul Dombey's nurse) was placed, and where the inmates received "not only a wholesome education, but where a dress and badge was likewise provided for them."
- Dick Swiveller playing cards with the small servant says: "Those are the slates, etc. . . . To make it seem more real and pleasant I shall call you the Marchioness."
- Mr. Swidger, successor to his father as keeper and custodian of the institution occupied by Mr. Redlaw. Mrs. Swidger was subject to being taken off her balance by the elements; therefore she "must be taken out of elements for the strength of her character to come into play."
- Cabinet-mender's trade.
- Josephine Sleary. To be drawn to her grave by the two piebald ponies.
- He had two profiles.
- A man of very gentle appearance and magnificent feelings; being improvident, possessing an elastic disposition which was always expecting and waiting for something to turn up.
- To be like his friend, Eugene Wrayburn.
- About three hundred and fifty.
- Mr. Wemmick.
- Chief and first of Master Humphrey's companions was his clock. Then, he and the deaf gentleman had two friends. One night in every week, as the clock struck ten, they met, and from ten until two beguiled the time with the narrative of "Old Curiosity Shop," given by Master Humphrey.
- Magpie and Stump Tavern.
- The Roman, like a paralyzed, dumb witness, pointed with a deadly meaning at the murderous hand uplifted

against Mr. Tulkinghorn, and pointed helplessly at him, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

THE SECOND PRIZE has been awarded to NELLIE F. SWAN, P. O. Box 213, Kirkwood, Mo., for the following answers:

- Chapter sixty-nine.
- An institution for the general education of inferior classes, teaching them to conduct themselves properly, a dress and badge being provided for each. ("Dombey and Son.")
- Dick Swiveller. "To make it seem more real and pleasant." ("Old Curiosity Shop.")
- Servant to Redlaw. "Mrs. William" was the embodiment of goodness, gentle consideration, love and domesticity. ("Haunted Man.")
- Sloppy was engaged at turning a mangle; afterwards taken into Mr. Boffin's service; cabinet-maker. ("Old Curiosity Shop.")
- Josephine Sleary. The will was expressive of her dying desire to be drawn to her grave by two piebald ponies. ("Hard Times.")
- Scudder had two profiles, each having a distinct expression—one rigid, the other alert. ("Martin Chuzzlewit.")
- Mr. Micawber was noted for his alternate elevated and depressed spirits; hearty appetite; fond of letter-writing; and "constantly waiting for something to turn up." ("David Copperfield.")
- To become as much like Eugene Wrayburn as possible, and a leader in society. ("Our Mutual Friend.")
- One hundred and fifty-two. (From dictionary.) ("Pickwick.")
- Mr. Wemmick. ("Great Expectations.")
- A kind-hearted, deformed old gentleman, living in an ancient house in a venerable suburb of London; founder of a club which met in his room one night every week at ten o'clock. ("Master Humphrey's Clock.")
- Magpie and Stump. ("Pickwick Papers.")
- He is invested in all eyes with mystery and awe, as if he were a paralyzed, dumb witness. ("Bleak House.")

THE THIRD PRIZE has been awarded to N. A. WEINRAUM, 414 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn., for the following answers:

- The mystery of Little Nell and Fred Trent is cleared up in the sixty-ninth chapter of the "Old Curiosity Shop."
- The "Charitable Grinders," so called from a worshipful company, was an ancient establishment, the pupils of which were appointed, and were given not only a whole-some education, but also a dress and badge.
- Dick Swiveller gave the Marchioness that name "to make the game seem more real and pleasant."
- William Swidger was the keeper or custodian of the Institution. His wife, Milly Swidger, was a good, simple woman, quiet and calm in manner; her kind, motherly feeling found vent in doing good to all. A good angel to every one, but so innocent and unassuming that she was surprised that everybody loved her.
- Sloppy was apprenticed to the trade of cabinet-making.
- Josephine Sleary made her will at the age of twelve, and in it requested that she be drawn to her grave by the piebald ponies.
- In one of Mr. Scudder's eyes there was no sight, and the eye stood stock still. With that side of his face he seemed to listen to what the other side was doing. Thus each profile had a distinct expression; and, when the movable side was most in action, the rigid one was in its coldest state of watchfulness.
- Mr. Micawber, although kind and affectionate to his family, was extremely improvident. With the greatest faith in his own talents (which were all impracticable), he was of a sanguine and most elastic temperament—one moment in the depth of despair, the next, confident in his powers, delighted with his prospects.
- Mortimer Lightwood's great ambition was to imitate his friend, Eugene Wrayburn.
- There are one hundred and twenty-four characters in "Pickwick."
- Mr. Wemmick, in "Great Expectations."
- Master Humphrey was a deformed old man who lived near London, in a house supposed to have been haunted. At first the neighbors held him in awe, as something uncanny; but, gradually, by his amiable disposition and lavish charity, he came to be very much respected and beloved. He formed a society, composed of three friends and himself, for their mutual pleasure, the discussion of interesting topics and the reading of papers, especially prepared and read by the members, at the meetings. He was very fond of an old clock which he possessed, and from this the society was called "Master Humphrey's Clock."

He was found dead, one morning, after having written a paper disclosing his identity as the "single gentleman" of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and as "Barnaby Rudge."

- The Magpie and Stump was the favorite resort of Mr. Lawton.
- The Roman, an allegorical figure painted on the ceiling, for many years had been pointing downward with no particular meaning; but, on the night of Mr. Tulkinghorn's murder, the figure seemed to point to the scene of the crime with so much intensity of meaning that he was invested in all eyes, with mystery and awe, as if he were a paralyzed, dumb witness; and, in the years to come, he points with a far greater significance and with a deadly meaning.

The answers sent in by the following-named persons have been adjudged so very excellent that we have decided to award special prizes to each—viz.:

Mary Trail, 3513 Lacledene avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Mary A. W. Ferry, Lake Forest, Lake County, Ill.
Harry E. Smith, 132 North Division street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. W. E. Myers, 1102 South Emporia avenue, Wichita, Kan.
Miss Hope Wickes, Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

Lizzie Taylor, 2029 Howard street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. Waters, 407 Fatherland street, Nashville, Tenn.
Mattie Mahood, 1014 Jackson street, Lynchburg, Va.
Jessie Allbright, Kirkwood, Mo.
Sallie E. Kirk, 413 Preston street, West Philadelphia, Penn.

Mathilde E. Schlegel, 218 Grand avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
M. L. Selleck, 16 West Fifth street, Oswego, N. Y.

William H. Hill, 17 Winter street, Keene, N. H.

Albert Vissburgh, 3819 Garden street, Hoboken, N. J.

George B. Willis, 439 West Van Buren street, Chicago.

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Tecumseh, Mich.

Mrs. A. M. Bell, 434 Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. A. D. Hunter, Pomona, Cal.

Mrs. Charles H. Leffingwell, Kirkwood, St. Louis.

Nettie R. Beath, 741 West Fortieth street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. Joseph Larsen, Ninth street, Fargo, N. Dak.

Mrs. E. R. Foote, Helena, Mon.

Mrs. Nancy Wright, 603 Federal street, Lynchburg, Va.

The answers sent in by the following have been adjudged so excellent that we gladly publish their names:

E. W. Frost, 188 Hampden street, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs.

Snider, 913 Market street, Logansport, Ind.; Nannie C. Sutton, 804 East Leigh street, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Francis C. Sutton, 38 Sophia street, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Florence Frothman, South Hannibal, Warren County, Mo.

(Others to follow next week.)

SYNOPSIS OF THE CONTEST.

THE majority of lists in this contest were far above the average, though almost every competitor found a stumbling block in the tenth question. Hardly two answered it alike. The total number of characters in "Pickwick," according to Percy Fitzgerald (who enumerates them in his history of that wonderful book) is 3,600. So, again, a large number of competitors, in reply to the sixth question, seemed to think that the character alluded to was the poor crossing-sweeper in "Bleak House," whereas it referred to Josephine Sleary, daughter of the circus proprietor, in "Hard Times." The first, second, third, fourth, fifth, seventh, ninth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth questions were answered correctly by almost every competitor. The estimates of Mr. Micawber's character were also very accurate, and withal so interesting that the Contest Editor has decided to devote a special article to this subject. In replying to the last question there were some competitors who got hopelessly mixed. There were not a few who sent in lists without any names. Some of these would have taken prizes, only of course they could not be located.

LOVE.


WHAT is love? It is not simple admiration; it is not an expansion of mere egotism, although there is a good deal of simple selfishness in it, as may be seen by the chronicle of a lover's talk. Is it a passion to which we yield? Is it a fate to which we must succumb? Do most of us know what it is, or is it only understood by a few choice spirits?

Shakespeare, who quotes very few persons, although it is evident that he had read immensely for his age, does quote from Marlowe, a contemporary and a very fine poet, one line, which he thus makes his own and approves of. Marlowe has met the fate that some of our very best writers have met—that of being very nearly hidden by an overgrowth of very fine literature; in fact, he may be said to live in this distich alone—

"Dead Shepard, now I find thy saw of might—
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

So, after the death of Marlowe, a short time, his verse had grown into a saw or proverb, and was believed as true.

Let us take the poets as our best guides. They are only psychologists, and tell us something of the hidden impulse of the soul. The dry treatise, the "Emotions of the Will," the logic of Aldrich and Milo, the speculative deductions of Kant and of Herbert Spencer, and the question as to whether ideas intuitive or merely receptive are the evanescent talk of one age, which is happily forgotten in another, and which the great majority of the world never hears of, and the far greater portion never needs. One touch of Nature, warm and living, from the lips of a poet, goes as much farther into the heart of matters than these cold sayings, as do the rays of sunlight than the glimmering pencils of light from a wax candle. To the sun of poetry the disquisitionist and the worldly philosopher can only hold his farthing candle, and with as little effect. The philosophic father may wish to unite his daughter to the Capulets, and may, with a wise and calm propriety, and in which the wife joins heartily, prove that there will be a heap of blessings with a marriage with the County Paris; but the Juliet will love no one but a Romeo or a Montague, and proves that there is nothing in a name, and that he and he alone can be her husband. She loves him at first sight and he loves her, although the particular passion for this warm Italian beauty is but a second love. There does not seem to be the slightest reason in it. It is as useless to ask why of Romeo and Juliet as it would be of Byron's heroine—

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still:

Is human love the growth of human will?"

True love is one of the levelers of existence, and the great democrat or autocrat to whom we wisely give obedience. Nordoe it obey reason. Love will not be controlled by advice, nor will Cupid obey our mothers; hence we picture him blind, whilst he is the most sharp-sighted in the world, seeing just that point of approach, that link of cohesion in two souls which no one else sees.

Upon the genesis of love there have been endless disquisitions. Shakespeare, using the good old name for love-fancy—which yet lingers amongst the homely lower classes, and is not extinct in slang—for true poetry will dwell anywhere—asks:

"Where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?"

and decides in numbers no less full of melody than of truth, "that it is engendered in the eyes;" that is, that love springs suddenly into being upon the sight of some object naturally pleasing to the beholder.

Hence love, as we should define it, seeking for one's like, and also an unplaced desire for an opposite, as a corrective, must needs be, what a soldier or a surgeon might call his most successful operations—sudden. It is but a fiction of the poets, and poets who are by no means the wisest of their class, blind. Let us quote Spenser, whom few will try to gainsay. Love, he says,

"—hath sight;
For lover's eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see."

Now what do they see? Something beyond themselves; something, as men believe, purer, more delicate, less selfish, more generous, more polite, and accomplished, and versed in nicer ways than they. So, also, women look in men for something to guide and strengthen; something wiser and abler than they; something more ready to decide and act than they are.

"Love," says Shelley, in his impassioned prose, "is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or hope, or fear, beyond ourselves, when we find our thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void. . . . We would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own; and that the beams of their eyes should melt and kindle at ours; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. That is love."

Yes, it is love; but it is a love that very few men or women experience nowadays, if we take the verdict of women writers. "How few women ever know what love is," says one. "I am inclined to think that a girl really in love, who bore the evident symptoms of the malady, would be thought very improper; and yet I have often thought that there must be a man born into the world for every

"What a thing is love, which nought
can counteract; even such a
thing is love,
And worldly wealth in worth as far
doth fail
As lowest earth doth yield to
Heaven above,
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly
self,
And can be bought with nothing
but with self."

An absorption of self, more or less total, as eclipses, are marks of all true lovers. If it be total, happy is the man or woman; if partial, better than none. It will almost always command our love in return. It is an alchemist which turns lead to gold.

TWELVE DAYS ON THE GREAT LAKES.

THE average American, reading a news dispatch such as that contained in the papers of October 4th, relating the loss of a crew of nine men by the wreck of a schooner "bound from Sault Ste. Marie to Marquette," will note the catastrophe in a general way and wonder vaguely, perhaps, where in the world it occurred. So much, or rather so little, indeed, does the average American reader know of the "lay" of his land and the vast extent of his incomparable chain of great lakes.

He may be amazed, for instance, to learn that there passes daily through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal a far greater tonnage of ships than passes through the Suez Canal; and that it is possible, among other delightful lake voyages, to board a commodious steamer at Buffalo, N. Y., and sail direct to Duluth, Minn., and back, the round trip of two thousand four hundred miles consuming twelve days. Few Americans have done this, because few

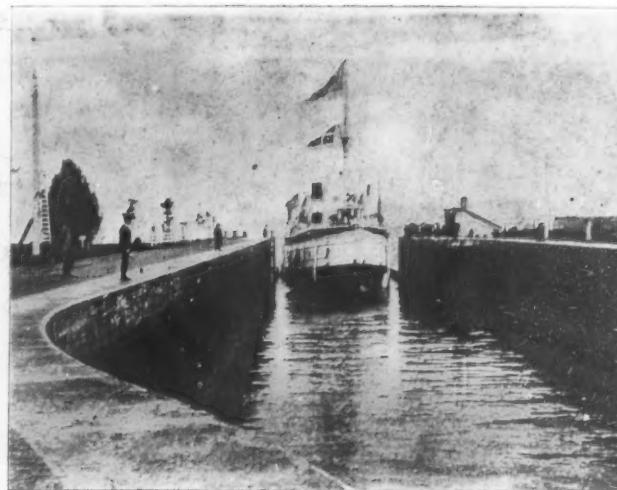
Americans know that it can be done; yet for years a fleet of eight large passenger vessels have been plying the lakes on this, the longest continuous voyage that is made on any body of fresh water in the world. It is an experience of surpassing interest. The monotony of an ocean trip of equal duration is relieved by the successive stoppages—in the passage of the vessel through Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior—at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Port Huron, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette and other points. If one sails when the harvest moon is on, there will be memorable nights when the clear lake water will ripple softly as a mass of molten silver; and, mostly, the days are glorious. For us there is the deathless memory of an evening when the smoke poured from the funnel in volumes of ink, and went streaming across the face of a starry sky until it hung in faded shreds

above the moon, just coming up all red and huge, while a schooner with sails set, far off on the verge of the horizon, slowly crept across the brilliant disk.

One has no time for *cnnut*. Once the boundary of civilization has been joyously passed at Sault Ste. Marie (it is called the "Soo"), there is something novel to be seen at each stop of the boat. Even at the "Soo" there are the rapids to be shot in a canoe poled by Indians and the great canal to marvel at. All the way up from Port Huron, indeed, it has been interesting to watch the Indians in their canoes taking whitefish and trout from the lake. But, launched upon the broad bosom of Lake Superior, it seems that one is sailing away to the very heart of Nature. Houses disappear, even all signs of vegetation, save the hardy pines, and presently the shore itself shows faintly as a mere line. In August you wear your flannels here—perhaps.

Then Marquette comes out of the water, with historic suggestions of the brave priest who carried his religion to the haunts of the Indian and the elk. That very night, it may be, you shall see, as we did, that miracle in the heavens—the Northern Lights. It is something to live for—the wondrous spectacle in the silence of the night: the surging water and swaying ship, and the sky at first sight seemingly overcast with dense and flying mist. But that is the aurora itself you see, at second glance—strange, weird and pallid flushes of light, sometimes violet in tint, always uncanny and impressive.

Another morning finds you stealing your way, at the rate of four miles an hour, through the narrow and tortuous channel of a river. The very end of the earth seems dead ahead. On the banks are a few wretched shanties, or a



A LOCK IN THE "SOO" CANAL.

cyclone cellar. The water is the color of coffee with plenty of good rich cream in it—for you have come to the great copper mines at Lake Linden. Life here seems utterly destitute of joy; infinitely more so than it does where there are no signs of life at all—as at the Apostle Islands, through which, a few hours later, you thread your way. For, here there is a grandeur of rock and water, magnificent in their picturesque isolation; all eloquent, though barren and bleak. Of Duluth, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," it is needless to speak. Hideous in aspect, its commercial importance lends a certain beauty to the ugliness of its buildings—they seem so and so with the restless life of the great Northwest. Then, if one cares to mount to the high, bare hills, there is ample reward in a view of the great expanse of lake. Over the way, too, in the new and growing town of West Superior, one may witness, with some curiosity, the construction of the now famous marine monster known as the "whaleback."

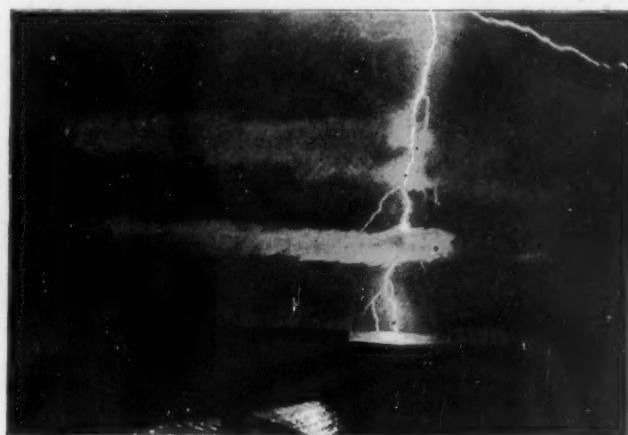
But it is the voyage that enchant; the idle, free life on board the big, roomy boat, with the laughter and the lounging on deck, the concerts at night, the glimpse of shore (it would be veriest ingratitude to miss mention of the "painted rocks," seen on the return trip—a phenomena due to the action of wave and weather—a stretch of lofty bluff, scooped out and discolored into strange shapes), the fine sentiment of the moon, and the soft, sweet strains of the mandolin and the flute. It may be noted that we have said nothing of the food or service. We would not spoil the picture; and, after all, are we mere dogs that we should live alone for the gratification of our corporeal appetites?

MELVILLE PHILLIPS.

DURING the cold season the hair is generally cut too short; the ears are exposed. The cold winds not only produce buzzing and roaring in them, but often injure the hearing. While the weather is cold the ears should be covered. The natural protection and the best one is the hair. But the common nakedness of the back of the neck is still more mischievous. Leaving that vital part exposed to the extreme changes of our climate produces innumerable weak eyes and irritable throats. Women are most fortunate in the present style. That fashion which hangs the hair upon the back of the neck is not only artistic but physiological. During cold weather men should allow their hair to meet the coat-collar.—DR. LEWIS.

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ONCE A WEEK, New York.



LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED AT DULUTH, MINN.

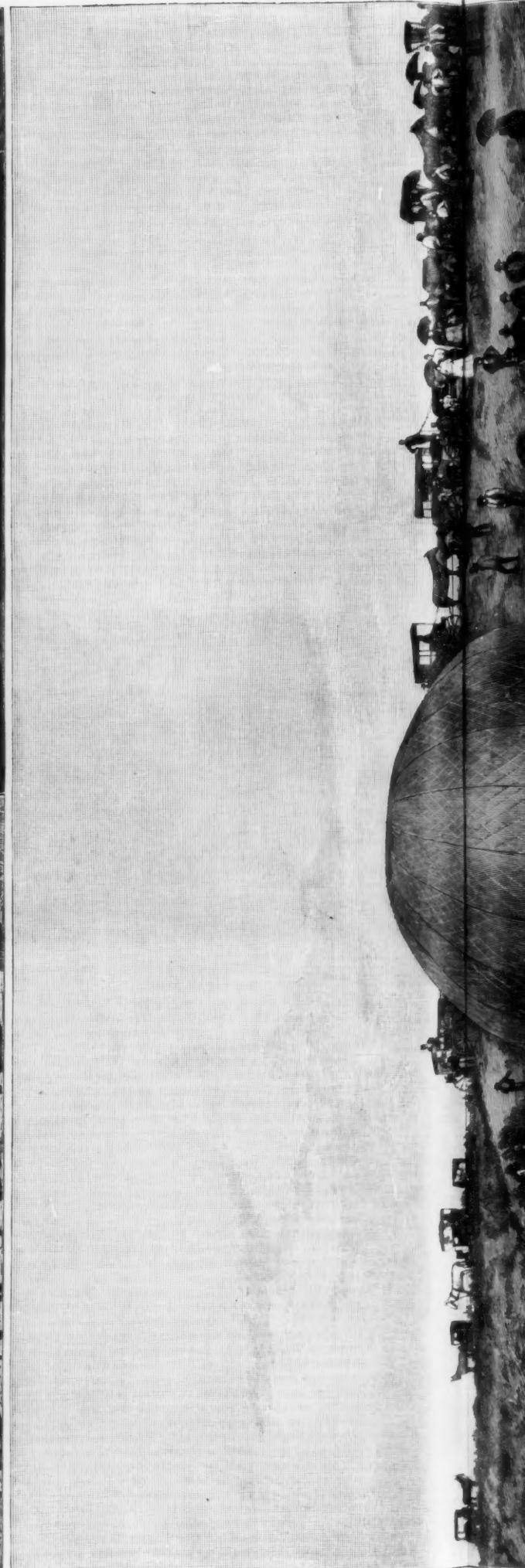
woman—one whom to see would be to love, to reverence, to adore—one with whom her sympathies would entirely blend, that she would recognize him at once as her true lord. Woe to her who meets this other self too late!" Woe, indeed! Best never meet him. But to meet him at all, she must not be critical. The best and most generous girls get married soonest, because they clothe the other sex, men of common clay, with the morning of an ideal love. We all love ideals. Let the woman love truly, and she will escape the curse of criticism, the miserable disease of judgment, which makes lookers-on assign causes and examine beauty-spots with a microscope. That is why the poets were right, in their symbolic way, to bandage the eyes of Cupid. "Gods!" says a satirist, "what may a man not do and a woman still think him a hero?" Yes, but only because she loves him, with a love that cannot be quenched and cannot be bought. We may read as wise and pretty things of love in the Bible as anywhere. "It is strong as death," says Solomon. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And riches cannot buy it, for, he adds, "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contended."

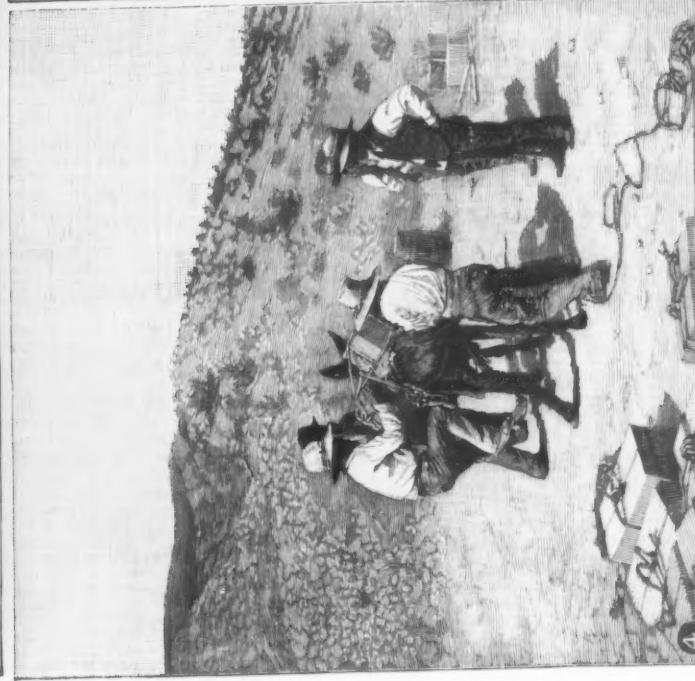
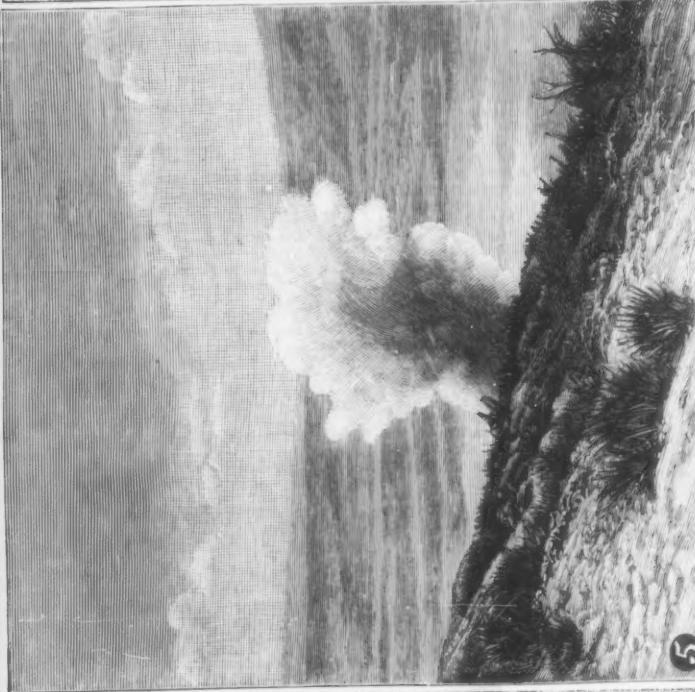
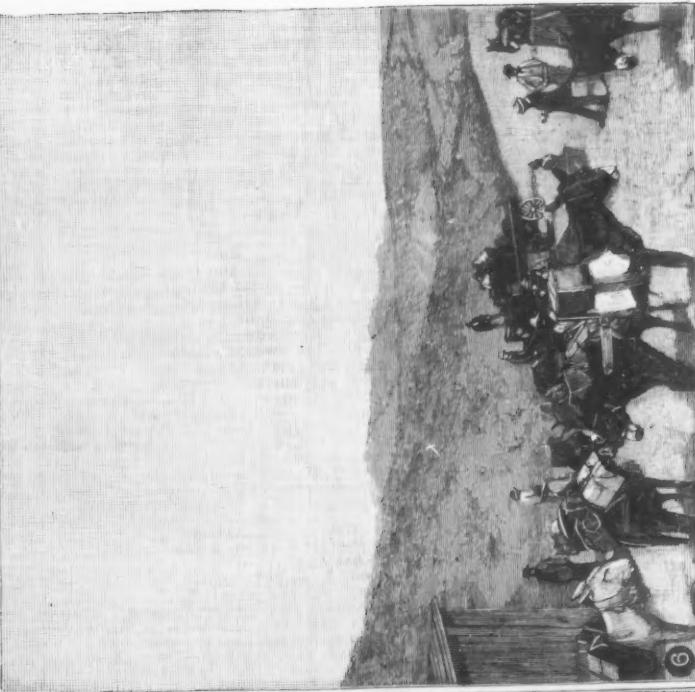
After this we need not wonder that the sturdy Quaker, William Penn, tells his son and society in general, in that admirable little book of "Maxims" that he has left us, that they are to take heed, "especially marry for nothing but love, and see that thou lovest what is lovely." Would not the world have been a paradise had this behest been kept? And will not in a higher and yet more divine sense the next world owe its blessedness to the expansion of true love, seeking its supplement and counterpart purged from all dross, giving itself but for the love that has bought it, and leaving nothing but what is lovely? It is one of the signs of this age of veneer, this day of triumph of stock-jobbers and charlatans, that love-matches are laughed at, and that love at first sight is deemed midsummer madness. But this feeling must pass, or the nation perish. No noble nation ever lived that scorned true love, no noble mind but that hymned and sang its praise. Wise, true, tried, and cast down and not yet broken, the great Sir Walter Raleigh, in the Tower, and waiting for his death, could yet sing like this—



A FISHING BOAT ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ONCE A WEEK.





R A I N - M A K I N G .

1—Burros loaded for ascending Mount Franklin, where the dynamite was exploded. 2—Fifteen minutes before the ascension. 3—Just before the ascension. 4—Loading burro with dynamite. 5—Rock explosion on side of mountain. 6—Burros on the road.

EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'TIS growing colder
Every year;
And my heart, alas! gets older
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.
Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.
Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year,
When the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.
To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.
Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us;
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.
But the true life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year. —WILLIAM COWAN.

ROOT AND FLOWER.

By the author of "Spring and Summer,"
"The Unknown City," etc., etc.



GIRL and a rose-bush! How graceful she is! What a wonderful glass!"

I was seated by the window of the room of a New York friend, who lived near the corner of Eighth and Second avenue. The window overlooked one of the few remaining gardens that remind us that a few years since Yorkville was a blooming village. With more curiosity than courtesy, I had been examining the neighborhood with my friend's opera-glass.

The garden at which I was looking was full of rose-bushes in blossom, and before the largest bush stood a stately and slender girl. A few moments later a gentleman with a bag in his hand entered the garden and walked towards her. I could not see his face. After shaking hands with her, he poured the contents of the bag round the roots of the rose-bush and then first turned in my direction.

"Gerry Langdon!" I exclaimed. The glass almost dropped from my hand; I looked no longer, and, after a few minutes, took leave of my host, and walked slowly to my humble home.

Gerry Langdon was a banker in Wall street, and I was one of his clerks.

The next morning I was downtown betimes. I took from the safe a huge ledger and other stage furniture, fitted a new pen-point, and opened a ponderous inkstand. I felt gloomy, and the other clerks seemed to share the feeling. In vain I surveyed the solid oak furniture, the thick carpets and the sober-faced ledgers. I took out my pocket-book and looked at a promissory note signed by Gerry Langdon, without improving my spirits.

We were awakened from our monotonous idleness by one of those events that sometimes convulse Wall street. This was nothing less than the announcement that our

firm would cash all its notes. In the then state of the market, this incident sobered us still more. You would have thought that some calamity had befallen us. "His wife must have died," said one of the clerks.

The words struck a strange cord in my heart. Langdon was a married man; he had, it was said, married for money, and whoever had seen his wife could hardly believe that there was anything else for which he could have married her. She was said to have a temper on which you could broil a steak, and her appearance was in accord. But that was nothing; the real trouble, it was rumored, was that Langdon didn't get the money.

"And what right," I said to myself, "has this married man to be calling on pretty girls in rose-gardens?"

Strange that I dared even think this about my employer; for though I was a graduate of Columbia College, and had a smattering of science, I was—a clerk.

This very afternoon, something—I know not what—led me again toward the garden which I had spied out yesterday. Unseen, I again saw the girl standing before the rose-bush. But, how lovely & nearer view showed her! With what a strange, jealous pang I again saw Langdon enter the garden, with the same bag in his hand, greet the girl, and scatter the contents of the bag around the roots of the bush.

His manner was clearly that of a lover; handsome, athletic, with the eye of a goshawk and a tongue that would turn the head of the Goddess of Wisdom.

"Villain!" I said to myself; "what are you doing here?"

Now, I am (dare I confess it?) naturally a coward. For five years I had been a broker's clerk, and grown more and more slavish. My blood had become glue, and my soul sordid and base.

The pair soon approached the corner of the fence where I stood; they thought themselves completely hidden.

"Grace," said Langdon, "in a few days you will be mine forever."

As he spoke, he untied the ribbon that bound her hair.

The girl turned toward me, and for the first time I had a close view of her face. Her features were regular and ideal; her figure of exquisite grace. She looked like the spirit of purity stepping forth from Nature's veil of modesty into the garden of delight.

"Fie, my lover!" said the girl. "You are as silly as a boy. What will uncle say? It is lucky no one sees us. I should be angry with you had you not made my pet rose-bush alive again. How can I ever repay you?"

"A lily for a rose," he said, holding her hand and looking at her with glances that made her cheek belle the compliment.

"Never, wretch!"

I was surprised at my own voice. Timid, slavish, bloodless as I was, what was new fire was now coursing through my veins?

A coward turned brave becomes a desperado. In that moment I resolved, at whatever peril, to rescue the lovely girl from the toils that Langdon was weaving round her.

"Who spoke?" said Langdon, angrily, looking about him.

"The voice seemed to come from the rose-bush," said the girl, startled, but not alarmed.

At these words a strange pallor passed over Langdon's face.

"Impossible!" he muttered—"impossible!"

Fearing that they might approach nearer the bushes behind which I was concealed, I stole noiselessly away. I was treading on air. I had worshipped money; now I adored beauty. I had worshipped prudence; now I gloried in pluck. What a strange feeling of exaltation!

How shall I catch him? Where is his wife? Her presence at the nuptials might make it lively.

The next morning I went late to the office. If I were going to attack him, I would leave his employment. I went into his inner room.

"You are late," he said sharply. Like his class, he thought a clerk a dog. Strange, but until to-day I had never felt his tone.

Instead of answering him, I looked him carelessly in the face and said: "Gerry, where's your wife?"

I had every reason to expect a blow in reply. Imagine my surprise, to see Mr. Langdon turn pale, and answer softly:

"She is in the country."

"Mr. Langdon, I must leave you to-day." He gave me a strange, searching look, asked me my reason for going, and offered to increase my salary; but my mind was made up.

What made him so polite? I would soon learn.

For three days I searched for information about Mrs. Langdon; but in vain. My own social life ran over a plain a thousand miles lower than that of my late employer.

Every night I watched at the garden; every night for a week Langdon appeared with his bag and made his votive offering to the rose-bush.

The seventh night I heard Grace Heatherton—for I had learned the girl's name—say to Mr. Langdon: "Day after to-morrow we will go to the meeting of the Microscopical Society together. My uncle would never forgive me if I missed it."

Why had I not before this exposed Mr. Langdon by one of a dozen means?

In the first place, I had a strange feeling of loyalty toward my old employer. I wished no other hand than mine to tie the fatal noose, or rather to prevent his tying the fatal noose. Then, too, I began to feel a detective's strange ambition to solve the riddle alone.

That same evening I resolved to shadow

Langdon day and night. His wife had written no letters to the office; I had learned that from my fellow-clerks. At her house I could only learn that she was out of town. I felt sure that there was some mystery about Langdon, the discovery of which would save Grace Heatherton from ruin.

The next day, in disguise, I traced him from the moment he left his house.

That afternoon Langdon left the office early, dined at a restaurant, and at dusk made his way to Yorkville. I followed him warily. He left the cars and walked toward the highest land in the city, half a mile northwest of Grace Heatherton's garden. I knew the place well. I had sometimes gone there with his wife. She owned a score of houses—brown-stone, brick and board. She always collected the rent herself, and scarce spoke to me except to bid me take notes about repairs, all of which she looked after.

Into one of the humblest of these houses, a mere shanty, Langdon entered. I stole to the wall and placed my eye against a knot-hole.

Strange sight; Langdon was standing before a rude pen, like those in which workmen mix their mortar. He was filling his bag with its contents, which barely sufficed. He looked pale, yet triumphant.

Had he timed his marriage with Grace to follow the conclusion of this daily fertilizing of her rose-bush? Strange fancy. Hark! he is speaking; he has fixed his eye upon the empty mortar box. But never did orator show deeper emotion before a surging crowd.

"It is done," he muttered. "Who shall blame me? Have I not turned deformity into beauty? Waster of my years! waster of my life! thank me that you, of all creatures, have been admitted—thorough by the back door—into beauty's paradise."

His face was distorted with strong and terrible passions. What did he mean? Love reads riddles that are blind to others. A wild hope seized me. To-morrow, I will test your conscience, I thought that night as I watched him to his own house.

The next evening I was at the microscopic exhibition. I had that day taken a lesson from a former teacher. In the guise of an old man, I stood behind a microscope, in a small room off the main hall. At the door, in large letters, were the words, "Fortunes Told by the Microscope."

Early in the evening began to gather around us whatever of brains or of fashion feel any interest in the wonders of the minute. The beating of my heart soon told me that Grace Heatherton was approaching. It did not deceive me; she entered the room with Langdon beside her.

Langdon, I could see, was soon eager to get away; but Grace showed a child's delight in everything she saw. I was in no hurry; I knew that they would come to me. In a week I had learned to untie the master-knot of human life. I watched them but a few minutes, when I saw Grace point at my sign, smile, and come toward the room.

"What fun to have one's fortune told," she said. "Do begin. How do you do it?"

"In this cabinet," I replied, "there are a thousand specimens each in a separate box. There are no names on the boxes. Draw out one place its specimen under the microscope, and learn your past, present or future."

"Nonsense," said Langdon. "How can you be so foolish, Grace?"

Grace smiled and drew out a drawer from the cabinet. Then shadow flitted over her face. Who is there, however wise or brave, to whom the telling of his fortune does not seem serious?

"What is it?" she said, looking through the glass.

"It is the scale of a flying-fish."

"And what is my fortune?"

"The flying-fish has enemies in sea and air; no other animal so many. You are in danger! Beware!"

I glanced at Langdon; a drop of perspiration stood on his forehead. In a Wall street banker, a man who lives by his wits on men who live by their wits, this looked serious.

"Try, Clarence," she said to him. I started. A false name!

"It is too foolish, Grace," he answered.

"What a soberides you are! Well, if you won't, I shall try for you."

She drew out another drawer.

"What is it?"

"It is a female spider's mouth. The female spider devours the male. This gentleman will be eaten up by his wife."

"What a horrible fate!" said Grace, smiling and showing a string of pearls.

Two drops of sweat stood on Langdon's forehead.

"And what are these?" she said, pointing to some photographs.

"This," I answered, "is a photograph of an instrument, and this is a prism. I shall be glad to show them to you. This prism is the Judas of the stars. See those lines on the spectrum. Whatever has a tongue of fire, whatever can be dissolved in water, these lines in the spectrum tell its substance."

"How wonderful!" said the girl, drawing nearer.

"These are the photographs of the spirits of the stars," I continued, pointing to the spectra. "But not only each flame can have its portrait taken, but whatever can be held in solution by holding the solution between a light and the prism shows distinct and peculiar lines in its spectrum. Take a drop of blood, dissolve it in a wine-glass of pure water, light a candle, let a ray pass through the wine-glass before forming the spectrum, and in the lines you have a portrait of the person's very soul."

As I spoke I felt that we were all three being drawn within one of those magnetic

circles from which one issues changed. The infinities, the fatalities, the silences that clip our world about as a starless night a glow-worm, were creeping nearer our souls. So often the touch of science, that chills the smaller, awakens the larger imagination.

Grace was looking at me with eager eyes.

"Come, young lady," I said; "will you not give me a drop of your blood? I will photograph your heart."

"What folly!" said Langdon, biting his fingernails.

"Why, Clarence, how can you be so foolish?" said the girl. "I think it very, very interesting. You must give the gentleman a drop of your blood. I should so like a photograph of your heart."

"Well, well, Grace, if you say I must, I cannot resist you. Here is my arm."

I drew a drop of blood from his and her arms, dissolved each in a separate wine-glass filled with water, and as I was preparing to pass a ray of light through the glass and prism—

"Sir," I said, earnestly, "you are wrong to speak of this as folly. Think how it can help one in the discovery of crime. From a single drop of blood we get a portrait of murderer or murderer. Compared with the microscope, what a bungler chemistry is! It can't even tell whether blood comes from man or chicken. I have a number of these photographs."

I paused and looked intently in Langdon's face. His lips were quivering, his eyes filled with a strange fire. I had never seen him show the least excitement before, even when depositors had blackmailed him—which was the word he used when they drew on him.

"Here are two of such portraits," I continued, slowly. "Their story is singular. In a small shanty in the upper part of the island were found blood stains; foul play was suspected; the owner of the house was a woman on ill terms with her husband, who had married her for her money, and who was as handsome as she was plain. He is suspected of having killed her; some of the blood is that of a woman; the rest that of her murderer. Now, if we can only find a living man's spectrum, the lines of which match with these—"

I pointed to the photograph.

There was a sudden noise of glass breaking. Langdon's hand had swept the wine-glass that held the drop of his blood upon the floor.

"If," I kept on, "if I can only find this drop of blood, I have the murderer. Think what a splendid triumph! The murderer has guarded against all other danger. He has dissolved his wife's body in lime. He has little by little borne the dust away, and—"

"What is the matter with you, Clarence?" asked Grace, with a glance of affection.

"And sprinkled it, where? Perhaps in the garden of some beautiful girl, whom he loves, and who loves him, not knowing his crime. Indeed, the suspected man has been watched. He has been seen, evening after evening, to enter a garden near the river, always at dusk, with a bag in his hand. There he meets a lovely girl, who lives alone with her uncle. Every evening he scatters the guilty dust from the bag under a rose-bush that blooms—"

I was interrupted by a strange sound.

Was it the snapping of heart-strings? What a look of agony passed over the girl's face and was reflected in her lover's! Had I been a tiger, I should have pitted Langdon; but I was a lover.

"Is it true?" shrieked the girl. Langdon made no answer; his tongue was paralyzed.

The next moment Grace was on her knees, her face like chiseled marble. She had taken a crucifix from her neck and was holding it before her. Her lips moved in prayer.

Langdon drew a step nearer, but she waved him back. At the motion of her hand a gulf yawned between them.

The wretched man glared round him for a few moments; then, with a groan of agony, fled from the room—and from the city.

A year later we learned that he had been killed at a mining camp in Arizona.

Soon afterward I married Grace Heatherton. I never told her what part I had played in this business. Had I done so, she would have hated me. She has made me a dutiful wife; but, after all, Langdon had his revenge, for I know that in her heart she still loves him, and him alone.

FOR SCROFULA

scrofulous humor
in the blood,
ulcers, catarrh, and
consumption,
use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The most
economical,
safe, speedy, and
effective of all
blood-purifiers.
Has Cured Others
will cure you.

SINCE THEN BEAUTY IS BUT DEEP IN THE SKIN
BY THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE FAMOUS
POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.
"WOMAN'S ONLY FAVORITE"
Warranted free from all Injurants.
Everybody likes it; Every lady uses it; Fancy Stores and Druggists Sell it.
WHO IS NOT PROUD OF A
'POZZONI Complexion'

THE NEW YORK JUDICIARY.

BY M. CROFTON.

I.

IN New York City there are nine different and distinct courts of record—viz.: the Supreme, Superior, Common Pleas and City Courts, the Surrogate's or Probate Court, the Court of General Sessions, the Court of Oyer and Terminer and the United States Circuit and District Courts. These are divided into nearly forty different parts. There are thirty five judges to preside over these various branches of the Judiciary, whose salaries run up to the millions annually, not to mention the various stenographers, ushers, clerks, attendants, henchmen, heelers and hangers-on, whose name is legion.

To begin with the Supreme Court. It is divided into eight judicial districts in different sections of the State, New York City being the first. The First District is composed of a presiding judge and six associate judges. These are elected for fourteen years, at a salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The presiding judge is chosen by the others, and, with two of the others, who are specially appointed by the Governor, constitute the General Term, which sits as an intermediate Court of Appeals. The remaining judges take turn in the four circuit branches where jury cases are tried; at Special Term, where cases are tried without a jury, or at Chambers, where motions are argued. The court sits from eleven to four daily during eight months in the year, every branch being closed during June, July, August and September, except Chambers, which are open all the year, as well as on Saturday, when the other courts are closed. A new term begins on the first Monday of every month. The present members of the Supreme Court are: Charles H. Van Brunt, Abraham R. Lawrence, George C. Barrett, George P. Andrews, Edward Patterson, Morgan J. O'Brien and George L. Ingraham. Judge Van Brunt is presiding justice, and, with Judge Barrett and Judge Daniels, constitutes the General Term. The presiding justice is a bald-headed man, with a bronzed, rotund face, framed in a curling beard of brownish-gray, and looks more like a Dutch sea captain than like the profound American jurist that he is. As a successor to Noah Davis, he is hardly an impressive presiding justice of the General Term, though he has mellowed somewhat during the past few years. He is without dignity, full of superciliousness, unpolished and abrupt in speech, while his manner is disarmingly gruff and even forbidding; yet withal, his intimates declare that a more tender-hearted, good fellow never dealt out justice. He loses no time either in thinking or in speaking, and he energetically extricates the vital point of a case from the surrounding mass of evidence with amazing rapidity. His opinions are not models of literary style; but he hits straight from the shoulder, and there is no doubt as to their meaning. He sat in the Court of Common Pleas for some years before he was appointed to the Supreme Bench by Governor Cleveland, in 1884. In private life he is one of the most genial of men, and is shining light in the Holland Society.

Judge Barrett is a quiet-mannered man with a full beard plentifully streaked with gray, and is, like so many other prominent Americans, an Irishman. Of all the Supreme Court judges his name is, perhaps, the most familiar to the reading public, through having presided on the trial of the "Boodle" aldermen of 1884, and in many other famous criminal cases within the last two decades. He is three-and-fifty years of age, and has been a judge during five-and-twenty of them. He is a profoundly dignified man, and none but the most unfeigned of counsel ever attempt the smallest piece of clap-trap before him. His literary training is shown by the grouping of facts and marshaling of arguments in his written opinions; and though he is frequently overruled by the court above him, there is no better judge on the Bench. He now sits on the General Term. He once wrote a play and got it acted, and he is a man of culture.

Judge Charles H. Daniels belongs to Buffalo, and sits in the New York Supreme Court by assignment of the Governor, there not being enough judges otherwise to "go round." He is considered the strongest lawyer on the Bench. This is the unanimous verdict of all the big wigs who practice before the Supreme Court. Judge Daniels, who worked his way from the cobbler's bench to that of the Supreme Court, is a spare-built man with an elongated face of marble immobility, and is severely clean-shaven, save for a sparse gray chin-beard which is invisible at a distance. His manner is profoundly dignified, and he lays down the law after a measured and highly impressive fashion. He is addicted to taking copious notes, yet he is not belabored, but always on the *qui vive*. Though rapidly approaching the retiring age—he is sixty-six—Judge Daniels is the hardest working judge in the State, for it would seem that, not having enough to do with his own work, he must take that of the other judges by way of recreation.

Of the others, Judge Lawrence is the senior member of the court. He is a tall, well-built man of typical judicial bearing, with a ruddy face, an abundance of curling, snow-white hair and a sweeping moustache. As befits a judge, he is courtly of manner, and he has the swavest "good morning" on the Bench. He is generally well-dressed and always in a hurry. He is usually on time to the minute, but should he be delayed he makes some little excuse. Judge Lawrence, who is serving his second term on the Bench, belongs to the Lawrence stock of "Don't-give-up-the-ship" fame, and has two hobbies: First, you must pronounce his name Lawrence, and, second, you must write out his first name in full. Some lawyers in their papers abbreviate it into Abram, and the judge, in altering the misspelt name, invariably adds the scriptural quotation: "Neither any more shall thy name be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham." He is popular with the Bar, quick in dispatching business, accurate in

ONCE A WEEK.

his rulings, and, what is of such vast importance in a community like this, conscientious and perfectly fearless.

Judge Andrews, who ranks next in point of service, graduated from the corporation counsel's office to the Bench. He is a florid-faced man with heavy, beetling eyebrows which look as though they had been picked out in charcoal, and a thick thatch of curly black hair only slightly tinged with silver gray. In manner he is just a trifle pompous, but then he is said to cherish ambitions in the direction of the "Four Hundred."

Judge Edward Patterson is a keen-eyed, gray-haired man with a shrewd face framed in imitation English side-whiskers, and has a magnetic smile and an affable manner. He likes to sit comfortably far back in his chair with his hand resting on the wood and his eye-glasses swinging from his finger. There are very many members of the Bar who would rather argue their motions before Judge Patterson than before any other judge in his court, though he sometimes gets a little impatient with vacillating counsel. He is quite wealthy, and lives in a style befitting his position.

Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, who comes next, is the youngest judge on the Bench, being still this side of forty; but take him all in all, there is only one better. He is a mild-mannered, unimportant looking man, with a pallid, thoughtful face, a bald, high forehead and abbreviated, dark side-whiskers. At the Bar Judge O'Brien enjoyed the reputation of being a good all-round lawyer and had a large and important practice. When, in 1886, Corporation Counsel LaCombe entered into his reward in the shape of a life-judgeship in the United States Circuit Court, Mr. O'Brien was chosen to succeed him; and, having counseled the corporation for some months, was himself accommodated with a seat on the Supreme Bench as successor to Judge Donohue, who, during the entire fourteen years of his service, had been working to secure a renomination. Judge O'Brien has proved a most valuable accession to the Supreme Court. He is a reserved and dignified judge, and his opinions are not only sound in law, but forcible in expression. He is fond of driving fast horses and he has been seen at the opera. He began life as a newspaper paragrapher.

Judge George Ingraham, who was recently appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Brady, has been a member of the Superior Court for eight years, for the last four years of which he sat by assignment in the Supreme Court. He is forty-four years old, has a drooping moustache of a reddish hue, and is the most nervous and fidgety judge in the Supreme Court. He hardly ever sits still for a minute at a time, and has a peculiar habit of knitting and unknitting his brows. On the bench he usually sits doubled up like a jack-knife. His manner is brief, and he does not waste any time in thinking or speaking. He blurts out his rulings on disputed points in a harsh voice and without apparent forethought, but they are invariably clear and to the point, so that they are none the worse for that. His father was for many years a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Judge Miles Beach and Judge Charles H. Truax, of the Court of Common Pleas and Superior Court respectively, like Judge Daniels, are permanently assigned by the Governor to sit in the Supreme Court. Judge Beach is a tall, slender man, with close-cropped silver hair and a tersely-trimmed dark moustache. He is just a little dandified in dress and effects cut-away coats of the latest shape which look as if they were molded upon him. Though sitting in the Supreme Court he only draws the salary of a Superior Court Judge, which is fifteen thousand dollars; yet, in a recent action against him, he declared that, although he was a childless widower, he could not lay up anything with which to pay his debts.

Judge Truax is a tall, fine-looking man of massive build, with features of a French cast, bearing a loquacious witness of his Huguenot extraction. He is haughty of manner, and looks more like an athletic club-man than like the confirmed book-worm that he is. He is quite well posted on many dry subjects, notably on Colonial history. In addition to having a rare collection of moldy and obscure editions, he knows what is inside them, and whenever a fine old library is to be sold at auction he is pretty sure to be on deck bidding for the works dear to the bibliophile.

The Superior Court has six judges, but as one of them sits down stairs in the Supreme, it has really but five. They are likewise elected for fourteen years, the salary being fifteen thousand dollars a year. It is presided over by Chief-Judge John Sedgwick, a spectacled man of dignified manner, with iron-gray hair, and facially resembling some of the published portraits of Thackeray. He belongs to the stiff-necked school of old-fashioned judges who never make silly jokes or grow moustaches. He seldom speaks in court, but when he does he usually speaks to the point, and he wears broadcloth.

The other judges are John J. Freedman, P. Henry Dugro, David McAdam and Henry A. Gildersleeve. Judge Freedman, who wears his hair and beard as Dickens did, is fifty-four years of age, and having served fourteen years on the Bench, was, last fall, re-elected without opposition for another term, which will just expire the year he reaches seventy, at which age every State judge is compelled to retire by law, which presumes that he has then reached his dotage. Never was law more mistaken. Take the case of Judge Richard O'Gorman, of this very Superior Court, who was retired last year in the middle of his term. If the State of New York has a keener or riper intellect or a finer gentleman on its Bench to-day than Judge O'Gorman, we would like to know him. Judge McAdam, who succeeded to his seat on the Superior Bench, was chief-justice of the City Court for many years before he was improved into a Superior Court judge, and few judges have been less criticised than he during the many years of his dispensation. In fact, nothing but flattering remarks are to be heard about him on all sides. He is a short-built man of Scotch descent, with a fur-colored chin-beard, and is fond of his joke, though he prefers to play the part of

Solomon, and the words of wisdom fall as naturally from his mouth as water flows through a sieve. He is not a pain, fully brilliant man, but his mental grasp is something enormous, and he can cite from memory volume and page of every case bearing upon any question that may happen to crop up in the course of a wrangle between counsel. He particularly "shines" in writing good newspaper opinions—that is, opinions worth copying as they stand, and furnish good reading matter for the general lay reader. He is a very painstaking, conscientious judge, whose opinions are sound, even when they are overruled by the other judges sitting with him. He is almost the only judge who condescends to give reasons for his decisions; and when he dissents from the other judges he is used to be a righteous dissenter.

Concerning Judge Dugro there is not much to be said. He is the youngest of the lot, and, being a lawyer of ability, is both capable and clever. He is quite wealthy, and is erecting a sky-scraping white marble apartment house looking into Central Park.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A VERY rich ball dress of pale pink is most elaborately embroidered in cream and silver to represent a design of ostrich feathers; another is in black satin, with the ostrich feathers in white. This, of course, would be very trying, but whoever can wear the magpie combination may count herself as most fortunate.

The opening of Oklahoma and the rush for the Indian land have brought fair women before the public in a new character—that of woman boomer—and as such she is said to be braver and more daring than even the man adventurer. One of the most famous of these women is Nannetta Daisy, a finely educated and beautiful woman of thirty, who was the leader of a score or more of woman boomers, having their headquarters in Indian territory. Nannetta had been a schoolteacher and newspaper writer and missed by but one vote being State Librarian of Kentucky. At the head of her Amazon company of boomers she took up a claim near Edmunds, one of the best in the country. This claim was contested by a railroad engineer, the contest terminating in a shooting match. Both were slightly wounded, but public opinion was in favor of the woman. A squatter jury placed her in possession and warned the man to leave the country.

Catherine Labourer Dallas, a modern Lucretia Borgia in temper, and known as Sorrel Kate from her red hair and her custom of riding a sorrel horse, is another famous boomer. She shot a "tenderfoot" for too much familiarity, and no man dared molest the claims of the "red-haired terror from Texas."

Pretty Pearl Younger, the daring daughter of notorious Belle Starr, is a beautiful vision to be met with at the boomer camps, dressed in light-colored pantaloons, with a *negligé* shirt, open at the throat, a white sombrero on her head, and a collection of pistols in her belt. She killed a man in defense of her honor and her property, and the rough boomers formed a phalanx about her through which no officer dared break. She is the wife of a man who worships her now, and she was the most popular girl in Oklahoma.

Miss Nellie Bruce, too, located her claim, built a home, or rather dug one out of the side of a hill on the site where her father's house had been burned by Indian scouts, and was surrounded by a couple of dogs and a couple of chickens when she surrendered to the Mayor of Oklahoma, and became his wife.

In all that pertains to womanly honor and virtue these women adventurers are above reproach, defending themselves at the point of the knife or muzzle of the pistol in the rare case when men's customary chivalry fails.

Our dress reform is ever and always towards fewer garments. Let the body be covered from ankles to throat and to wrists, if one needs, with close-fitting garments, preferably silk tights. Let them be thick and warm enough to protect the limbs from our ordinary winter's cold. Over this the corset, to which are strapped the stockings. Next let there be drawers and chemise of silk or mull lace, trimmed pretty as you like, but very thin and light in weight. The chemise thus becomes a corset cover and lace-trimmed short skirt in one.

No flannel skirt. In the name of reason let the tights be heavy enough so you can dispense with that ugly, clumsy, sticking, clogging, ungraceful thing! You can live and be happier without it. Try it, and with one fell swoop begin to move your limbs with freedom.

Next, your only skirt—a silk one, very light, like a gossamer sheen in summer, but made of black taffetas, unlined, with pink ruffles for winter use. Say you won't have even a facing to it. Your sewing woman will "kick" metaphorically, but you can do it literally and with childish delight, if you do as we have done, insist. These skirts weigh next to nothing, wear well, cost from four to five dollars apiece, and are the happiness and health of her who dons them.

If, having read the fall styles, you are still in doubt what to buy and fear to invest in anything that may pass out of style, put your fears to the winds and go and boldly expend your funds upon the very best checked cheviot, tweed or homespun you can find. Have it made by a dressmaker who understands how to get up a tailor-made gown, have it bound with braid, the narrowest you can obtain, and then get a hat to match the braid, gloves to match the hat, shoe-tops to match the gloves, a shopping-bag to match the shoes, and a veil to match the shopping-bag, and you may be sure that you cannot possibly look out of date.

The fashionable tailor has given as his opinion that the handsomest tailor-made gown for winter will be the one of rough black cheviot, made with a double-breasted, tight-fitting long coat, and a heath skirt that just escapes the ground.

ONCE A WEEK.

[VOL. VIII, No. 3]

Just now, when so much is being said about dress reform, it may be interesting to recall Lady Florence Dixie's idea of an ideal walking costume for women. It consists of a flannel skirt, knickerbockers, a short kilt skirt and loose jacket—a style of dress not at all novel, except in its adaptation to general wear. And it is the lack of startling originality in the idea that is one of its chief recommendations. For it is the oddness and unusualness of the most of the reform garments that cause their condemnation without trial and almost at sight. Very few women, however much they may rebel in secret against the tyranny of their present style of dress, care to make guys of themselves by donning outlandish costumes that have only a promise and rather a dubious possibility of superior comfort to recommend them.

A female jewelry drummer is the latest novelty on the road in Maine. She is handsome, dresses well, wears a man's soft felt hat, and hails from New York. She is away up on the art of traveling, cannot be imposed on by hotel clerks, hackmen or railroad men, and always sells as many goods as the smartest of her male competitors.



Floral jewelry—Wild Rose.

Jane Hading, the actress, always wears slippers and hose to match the color of her eyes.

Bonnets are much the same this autumn, but the height is at the front, now, instead of at the back. Lady Randolph Churchill, says a London gossip, has been wearing one that is the merest band of jet, with white pinks clustered just above the fringe, and a black aigrette erect like a military brush.

Mrs. Edison recently gave a ball at which the music was furnished by phonographs.

The rage for feather boas continues unabated. Ostrich black and green coque, marabout, turkey, and even peacock feathers are used, the two latter in conjunction with some other variety.

Making corsets employs ten thousand persons.

An officer in the Bureau of the Superintendent of Immigration, at Washington, says that the present demand for domestic servants is unprecedented. They are for the most part German, Swedish or Irish immigrants, and it is now a rare thing to find an American girl in the kitchen.

Arizona has a woman mining expert.

A drygoods merchant in Brooklyn says that of all his employees the best women are the very best, but the average woman ranks far below the average man.

Emily Huntington Miller has been made the superintendent of the Northwestern University, at Evanston.

French ladies are taking to cycling with an enthusiasm that is second only to that shown for the exercise by Frenchmen. The craze is new, but it is already in full activity. The costumes worn by the men and women would strike American cyclists as somewhat theatrical. Jockey caps and elegant top-boots are worn by both sexes. But the masculine cyclist's striped flannel knickerbocker suit is replaced, in the ladies' case, by a silk blouse, held in at the waist by a leather corset girdle, and a divided skirt, suggestive of trousers. A short cape, arranged so that it cannot flap, completes the costume.

Three hundred women in the United States own establishments for the raising of flowers and plants.

Miss Breckinridge, a daughter of W. C. P. Breckinridge, is studying law, and expects to become her father's partner.

A feminine correspondent says that the "Empress Augusta Victoria could not win the laurel wreath at a beauty show, but as far as the physique is concerned she can outshine any of her female subjects, as more superbly proportioned neck and arms I have never seen on any mortal than those possessed by Emperor William's consort."



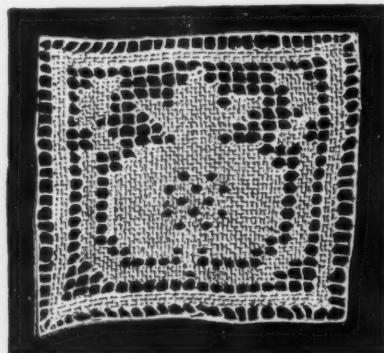
Floral jewelry—Oak Leaf and Acorns.

The question of trailing dresses has engaged the attention of the Supreme Sanitary Board of Vienna. All the District Police Commissioners were the other day officially asked their opinion as to whether dresses sweeping in the mud are injurious to the public health; and whether, if forbidden, the prohibition could be enforced. The replies were handed in, and differ widely as to the possibility of carrying out any such prohibition. One official suggests the imposition of a special tax on trailing dresses, but the inventor of this happy idea admits that the impost would be rather difficult of collection.

In Connecticut women cannot be punished as tramps and vagrants. It is thought to be sufficient punishment for them to have to wander around the State without any visible means of support.

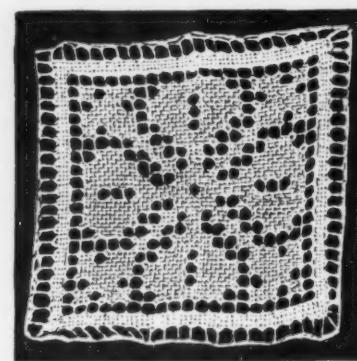
Sealskin is now so expensive that it has increased the price and created a demand for the furs of humbler animals. Mink will be most popular this winter.

The small photographs of Laces upon this page, which are taken from an antique example, will give some idea of the two methods of work. Figure 1 and 2 show the effect of the earliest style, similar to that in which the cap of



LACES. FIG. 1.—EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

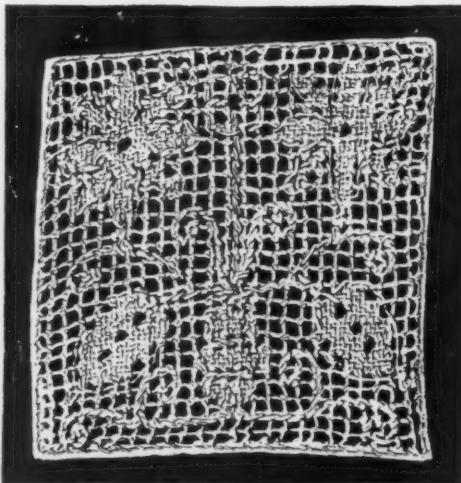
Charles V. is executed; whilst Fig. 3 is a small sample of the addition of an outer thread run round the pattern; and it will be seen that by this means a much lighter style of design became possible, owing to the possibility of forming



LACES. FIG. 2.—EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the stems of a single thread, instead of being compelled, as in the earlier work, to portray them of somewhat substantial proportions.

This specimen, No. 3, is, it must be understood, an example of the coarser make of Laces, probably used for the



LACES. FIG. 3.—LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

embellishment of bed coverlets or curtains, and hence the effect is by no means as delicate and transparent as in fine examples of work in which the thread used for the netted ground was of a much less substantial character.

Low-necked dresses were recently condemned in a sermon by a country clergyman, and he pointedly referred to his wife as an incorrigible sinner in this respect, as she insisted upon wearing them despite his frequent objections. She has now begun a suit for judicial separation for being thus publicly pilloried.

The smartest thing to wear at a theater party is a cape of lace, which reaches to just below the shoulders. It is round, and, like many of the styles of to-day, is a bit prim-looking, but decidedly effective.

SPECIAL OFFER TO LADIES.

The following prizes will be given to ladies who send in the best essays, or articles, of about one thousand words each, upon the following subjects:—

HOME NEEDLE WORK.

A COMPLETE SET OF DICKENS in six Royal Octavo Volumes, substantially bound with compressed English cloth, spring back casing and highly ornamented with gold laid side stamp.

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Answers must be sent in before December 5th, addressed "Editor Woman's World, ONCE A WEEK, 521 West 13th Street, New York City." The awards will appear in the Christmas number, and the prize essays published.

THE county fair is not a new subject, but it is an old one which has lately taken on many new wrinkles. The politician cultivates the county fairs, now, for the good of the country at large. Formerly he merely worked them for buncombe, and for votes. The racing at county fairs has, in recent years, been invaded by the bookmaker. The pumpkins grow larger than ever. The same old custom continues of holding county fairs in opposition to the autumnal equinoctial downpour. Panting horse-flesh, and lots of it, are still needed to draw the crowded conveyances, filled with city people, through mud of varying though stubborn consistency. The illustration on page 5 shows some of the less hackneyed scenes.

THE Government Rainfall Expedition, under John T. Ellis, near San Diego, Tex., had a moist and delightful experience Saturday, the 17th inst., and in the early hours of the following morning. The experiment was made under very unfavorable conditions. The barometer was rising, fair weather was predicted, and when night fell the moon rode in a cloudless sky. At midnight the bombardment of the elements ceased, and five-minute guns were substituted. Still no sign of rain. At 2 A.M. the sky was still clear. At 2:30 a balloon was sent up, as others had been before, apparently without effect. At three o'clock clouds began to form directly overhead. At four the sky was overcast. A balloon was then exploded almost in the clouds, and the mortar battery on the ground began firing heavily. In two minutes after, the rain came down and continued for half an hour.—(See pages 8 and 9.)

AFTER a three days' session at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, delegates to the Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention adopted the following preamble and resolution, which will be of general interest as being at once a very outspoken and very important social new departure, if carried out: "Inasmuch as the habits and vices of men are bringing great degradation upon so large a number of their sex, while woman is rising in intelligence, moral power, and to the possession of greater opportunities; Resolved, that we urge our young women to use their influence with young women everywhere to be more positive against forming unequal marriage alliances with men who disregard the purity of home and a better inheritance for the coming generation." Some of the more striking scenes during the session are depicted by our special artist on page 13.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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A good man and a wise man may at times be angry at the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

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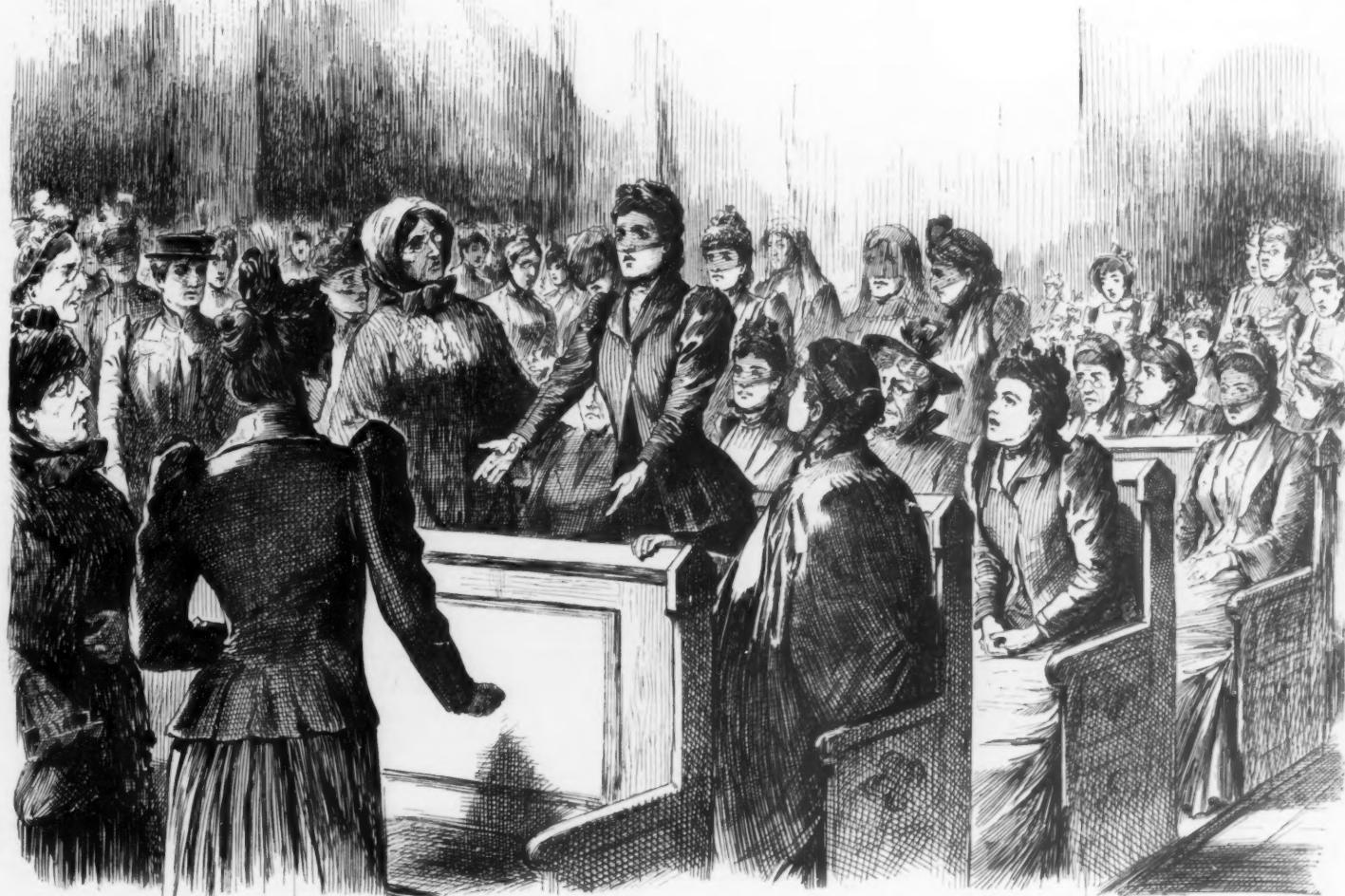
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,
Author of "The Light of Asia." (See poem, page 6.)



JOSEPH J. LITTLE,
Candidate for Representative in the Twelfth Congressional District of New York.

JOSEPH J. LITTLE is supposed to be fifty years of age, but looks thirty-five. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a printer in the town of Morris, in Otsego County, this State, and four years afterwards, in the spring of 1859, entered a New York book printing-office. He was a soldier during the war, and is now a member of Lafayette Post, No. 140, G. A. R., and colonel of the Veteran Association of the Seventy-first Regiment. After the war, Mr. Little opened a printing establishment of his own. To-day he has one of the largest printing and publishing establishments in the United States, turning out yearly 1,000,000 school-books, besides hundreds of thousands of other bound volumes, and more than 5,000,000 magazines and paper-covered books. Mr. Little is a member of the Board of Education, of the Chamber of Commerce, vice-president of the General

Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, a life member of the American Institute and of the American Geographical Society, past master of Kane Lodge, F. and A. M., and a member of the Aldine, Manhattan, Democratic and Manhattan Athletic Clubs. He was one of the most active members of the original Grant Monument Committee and also a member of the New York World's Fair Committee, and was made one of the incorporators in the World's Fair bill passed at Albany. He has never before been a candidate for an elective office. He is a representative business man. He knows a good story when he hears it, and can cap it, to boot. He is a royal good fellow all round, and will be one of the handsomest men in Congress. Mr. Little is a sincere and trusty friend, and a man who would make any sacrifice at the altar of Principle.



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TAKEN IN IMPROVISED BALL-ROOM ATTIRE.

"WHAT do you use that lace curtain for?" asked a visitor, in a photograph gallery.

"That isn't a curtain," said the photographer, as he folded up the coarse length of cheap lace, "that's classic drapery for my lady sitters who pose as beauties. Look at this, and this."

He pointed to several pictures in the showcase, where girls who were gotten up to look like actresses or professional beauties had their photographs on exhibition.

"These girls haven't enough money to buy a piece of lace even as cheap as that. They are all employed at the very humblest and poorest paid work, but you would never guess it to look at their pictures. After Miss H—, my assistant, has draped them in that lace they look as if they had just stepped out of a ball-room or a picture frame. Here is one coming now. Look at her."

She was a bright-faced, olive-skinned foreigner, dressed in a light brown alpaca dress that was hideously unbecoming. Her black hair was strained away from her face in hard braids. She disappeared with Miss H— into a retiring room, soon to emerge another person. The tight coat-sleeves of her dress were pushed up to her elbow, and her high corsage so folded in to show a round, slim throat.

The lace was belted at the waist line and puffed on the shoulder. The hard braids were let out and a fluffy effect of crimped hair, transferring an ordinary girl into a very pretty one. The operator then took her in hand to pose for her picture.

"She will send that picture home to her friends in Norway or Sweden, and they will all see how improved she is," said the photographer, with a pardonable glow of pride, "and it doesn't cost them a cent extra for all that fixing up. I have an old fur-lined circular of my wife's that I use as a background for a winter picture.

"It looks as if the girl had just unfastened it, and comes out splendidly, and it gives them an air of comfort and elegance combined. It's a great scheme and sells lots of pictures, but don't give it away. The girls might not like it."—Detroit Free Press.

VARIETIES.

SAYS a musical critic—"I am always pleased when I see a young lady devote herself to the study of the harp or the violincello. It is one less to play the piano."

AN old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

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A BALTIMORE belle, just from Vassar, when told by the waiter that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "What has happened to the goose?"

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THE FUTURE TRIUMPHS OF MEDICINE.

MRS. BUNTING—"Don't you think the baby is old enough to be vaccinated, Ben?"

BUNTING—"Yes, certainly, and I suppose it ought to be done."

MRS. BUNTING—"Then I'll take her to Dr. Keneen's this afternoon, if it doesn't rain."

BUNTING—"While you are going there, why not take Ethel to be inoculated for tuberculosis? It is true that there has never been any consumption in either of our families, but according to late medical research, it is a communicable disease, and we had better be on the safe side."

MRS. BUNTING—"That is very true, and that reminds me that Tommy has never been injected for scarlet fever. There's so much of it about, too. I think it ought to be done at once, don't you?"

BUNTING—"It would be just as well. Has Freddy been inoculated with whooping-cough virus?"

MRS. BUNTING—"Oh, yes; that was attended to at the same time that Dr. Keneen pumped Laura full of measles microbe killer. Don't you remember?"

BUNTING—"Oh, yes; now that you remind me of it, I do. I'm troubled with the headache a great deal now, and I'm afraid the kopfweh bacilla have recovered from the last inoculation. If you think of it, ask the doctor to telephone me when he has some unexceptional headache ptomaines, and I'll go around for a fresh inoculation."

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, dear. Is there anything else you can think of?"

BUNTING—"No, I don't think there is, unless you need some treatment yourself."

MRS. BUNTING—"Well, I've been troubled with dyspepsia a little for the last two or three days."

BUNTING—"Then by all means have some dyspepsia germicide administered hypodermically—and, yes, you were complaining of an attack of rheumatism yesterday."

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, but it didn't amount to much."

BUNTING—"Well, whether it amounted to much or little, it should be looked after when such easy specifics are provided. An inoculation of rheumatism ptomaines will give you immunity from it. Will you have the doctor attend to that?"

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, dear, I will."

BUNTING (consulting his watch)—"It's time I started for the store, dear. Good-bye!"

MRS. BUNTING—"Good-bye!" (They kiss, and he is gone.) —N. Y. Sun.

The somewhat fanciful picture above was suggested by the general physician and high-spirited son of Allen's workers. When he applied to me he was making just a living, or very little more. I taught him. I caused him to go to work, in his present situation, and he quickly began to earn money at the rate of **Over \$1,000 a Year**. **Over \$1,000 a Year** is the lesson or suggestion here, for you see. Probably you can make just as much money as he. Why not try? I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work in any field, how to earn **Over \$1,000 a Year** in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. I charge nothing and receive nothing, unless successful as above. Nothing difficult to learn, or that requires much time or expense. One person to learn, or that requires much time or expense. One person to learn, or that requires much time or expense. I have already taught over **Three Thousand Dollars a Year**, each. Here is something new and solid. Full particulars **Free**. After you know all, you are entitled to go to work. **Over \$1,000 a Year** is the lesson or suggestion here, for you see. Those who are fit and interested are invited to write at once. I am on my special, personal attention. Address, **E. C. ALLEN, Box 1122, Augusta, Maine.**

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BUNTING—"Yes, certainly, and I suppose it ought to be done."

MRS. BUNTING—"Then I'll take her to Dr. Keneen's this afternoon, if it doesn't rain."

BUNTING—"While you are going there, why not take Ethel to be inoculated for tuberculosis? It is true that there has never been any consumption in either of our families, but according to late medical research, it is a communicable disease, and we had better be on the safe side."

MRS. BUNTING—"That is very true, and that reminds me that Tommy has never been injected for scarlet fever. There's so much of it about, too. I think it ought to be done at once, don't you?"

BUNTING—"It would be just as well. Has Freddy been inoculated with whooping-cough virus?"

MRS. BUNTING—"Oh, yes; that was attended to at the same time that Dr. Keneen pumped Laura full of measles microbe killer. Don't you remember?"

BUNTING—"Oh, yes; now that you remind me of it, I do. I'm troubled with the headache a great deal now, and I'm afraid the kopfweh bacilla have recovered from the last inoculation. If you think of it, ask the doctor to telephone me when he has some unexceptional headache ptomaines, and I'll go around for a fresh inoculation."

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, dear. Is there anything else you can think of?"

BUNTING—"No, I don't think there is, unless you need some treatment yourself."

MRS. BUNTING—"Well, I've been troubled with dyspepsia a little for the last two or three days."

BUNTING—"Then by all means have some dyspepsia germicide administered hypodermically—and, yes, you were complaining of an attack of rheumatism yesterday."

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, but it didn't amount to much."

BUNTING—"Well, whether it amounted to much or little, it should be looked after when such easy specifics are provided. An inoculation of rheumatism ptomaines will give you immunity from it. Will you have the doctor attend to that?"

MRS. BUNTING—"Yes, dear, I will."

BUNTING (consulting his watch)—"It's time I started for the store, dear. Good-bye!"

MRS. BUNTING—"Good-bye!" (They kiss, and he is gone.) —N. Y. Sun.

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